

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3138.—VOL. CXIV.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1899.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



RECEPTION OF MAJOR MARCHAND AT THE ARSENAL, TOULON.

The Major came ashore from the "d'Assas" in the Maritime Prefect's boat, and was welcomed by Major Durie, head of the Arsenal. As he jumped nimbly ashore the "Marseillaise" was played.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The humours of the Peace Conference are rather grim. One of the Committees has decided by a large majority that the Dum-Dum bullet must be prohibited. Great Britain was in the minority with Italy and Austria. Now this particular bullet has been adopted by our War Office because it has been found most efficacious in warfare with savages. The great black bounding beggar who broke a British square in the Soudan did it by a rush, and the Dum-Dum stops rushes by killing or disabling more men than can be killed or disabled by any rival missile. But eighteen States, not one of which has ever met Fuzzy Wuzzy in the field, are of opinion that it is inhuman for British troops to use a bullet which checks his headlong valour. Is it credible that the War Office will defer to that opinion? The Dum-Dum, it is true, makes a very ugly wound; but the object of fighting Fuzzy Wuzzy is not to wound him so slightly as to increase the advantage of his superior numbers. I know very little of war, but have mastered that much. If he is so little hurt by a bullet that he can bounce into a British square and crumple it up, he becomes a more formidable warrior than we wish to make him. The eighteen States say: "Never mind that. The Dum-Dum offends our ideas of civilisation." Then why not go back to bows and arrows?

Here is one of the curiosities of this Conference. How can you conceive a general agreement as to the proportionate limitation of armaments when it is clear that the nation with a small army has all the greater need of the deadliest weapons? Of the British infantry Napoleon remarked in a genial moment that they were the finest in the world, and it was lucky there were so few of them. It would be luckier still for Fuzzy Wuzzy and his like if British regiments were armed with ineffective weapons. As that is not compatible with the interests of a country whose wars have been waged against savage races for nearly half a century, why do the eighteen States that voted against the Dum-Dum bullet invite the inevitable rebuff? This alone shows that the Peace Conference would do well to concern itself, not with the conduct of war, but with its causes. Suppose there should be a preponderance of the States which have either small navies or none at all against the use of submarine boats? Will that vote have any effect upon a great naval Power like France? Besides, as I have already maintained, the only practical guarantee of peace is the perfection of engines of destruction. A submarine boat which could blow up whole fleets with impunity would make maritime nations far more amiable to one another than any veto upon armaments.

When I visit the Earl's Court Exhibition I notice that the Maxim guns which stop the savage rushes in the Empress Theatre contribute greatly to the good-humour of the spectators. There is no indecent rejoicing when the hordes of ebony gentlemen in feathers succumb to the hail of bullets. The crowd likes their pluck, and is delighted with the native warrior who tells his captors to go and hang themselves when they threaten to shoot him if he will not disclose the trail of his fugitive king. The leader of the white men delivers himself of the Adelphi sentiment that "a brave man is a brave man, whatever may be the colour of his skin," and there is more applause. I am not quite sure that the Adelphi point of view is identical with that of the African veldt; but it is clear that the people who throng the Empress Theatre have no desire for any unreasonable coercion of ebony and feathers. Personally, I warm towards them even when they rush at the barrier, brandishing assegais, and suggesting rather forcibly that if the scene were suddenly shifted to Mashonaland, they would make havoc of my vitals. My vitals being safe in a numbered seat, I take the situation calmly. Moreover, I can see that the savage gentlemen are impressed by the white man's numbers in rows and rows of numbered seats, to say nothing of the sticks and umbrellas. Did not a redoubtable chief admit to an interviewer that London had convinced him of the futility of fighting the English—there were so many of them? Blessed simpleton! He takes us all for fighting-men! I hope this will not be used at the Hague by those eighteen States as another argument against the Dum-Dum bullet!

The hand which has probably written more articles about the Dreyfus case than any other in English journalism may be permitted now to write some lines of congratulation to itself. I remember that as far back as October 1896 I hazarded in a London paper the opinion that Dreyfus might prove to be a victim, not a traitor. My friends smiled; they went on smiling even after the Zola trial, which made it so clear that a conspiracy of injustice was sheltering itself behind "reasons of State" that were pure figments. Barely three months ago a very distinguished member of the House of Commons, whose knowledge of French affairs is unrivalled, still smiled at my zeal. "You are wasting nervous energy," he said, "in the service of the impossible. Dreyfus will never be vindicated; the overwhelming mass of his countrymen is against him, and the agitation in his favour will fizzle out in ridicule." I thought of this prophecy when I read the judgment of the Court of Cassation. A

minority with that unanimous tribunal at its back seems to run small risk of perishing of derision. There is even reason to believe that the court-martial at Rennes will acquit Alfred Dreyfus, if only because the plain direction of the Supreme Court leaves not a thread on which to hang fresh lies. Moreover, it is not truth which is now ridiculous, but systematic fraud, which beguiled so many fervent patriots with hazy brains and unlimited credulity.

After all, there must be something in the instinct of justice that sharpens the perceptions. I recall the day when Captain Dreyfus was publicly degraded by his comrades. From that horrible ceremony there came to some of us the divining thought that this man's protestation of innocence was not the ordinary make-shift of the convicted criminal. His letters had the accents of truth; his courage, when agony tempted him with the idea of suicide, claimed respect. His bearing had all the signs of martyrdom, none of the self-betrayal of crime. I say the instinct of justice, inspired by the pathetic dignity of Dreyfus, turned clear eyes upon the mass of prejudice that had dragged him down. When Esterhazy came upon the scene—the type of bandit that we had thought peculiar to the creative genius of Balzac—then the whole world began to suspect some undreamt-of roguery. Pure love of justice does not animate all men; but many a sportsman who is indifferent to emotional appeal, prides himself on a keen nose for a rascal. There was a European hue-and-cry against Esterhazy; the Henry forgery increased the excitement of the chase; and the detection of two malefactors whose united accomplishments are among the chief glories of the criminal calendar of history brought the most diverse temperaments to the conclusion that Dreyfus was a prey, and not a spy.

Is there any romance that can compare with the marvels of this story? Even Balzac is beaten in his own line. Gaboriau never invented such astounding mystifications. What romancer, however audacious, could have imagined a plot in which the majority of a nation could be persuaded that the minority, engaged in the vindication of an innocent man, were paid by a "Syndicate of treason," which embraced the public opinion of pretty nearly the whole civilised globe? I see that the amiable Rochefort informs his readers that the forty-eight Judges of the Supreme Court have been bought, and that with two million francs he could pack any judicial tribunal in Europe. The shade of Balzac must sigh with envy to think that from the depths of criminal folly he never conjured up a Rochefort in the "Comédie Humaine." The "Syndicate of treason" is supposed to have purchased all the journalists of the Dreyfusard cause in France and abroad. Rouleaux of gold have not come my way. Veiled ladies have not stopped me in dark corners at night, murmured in my ear, "For the cause!" and slipped fat bundles of bank-notes into my hand. I have not observed any sudden affluence among my comrades who have been working towards the same end. The instinct of justice is its own reward, plus the market rate for leading articles, which is not luxurious. The most I have expected from the Dreyfus case, in its financial aspect, is that it might go on for ever, and so afford a modest pension for my old age.

Johann Strauss is dead—the Zeit-Geist of the flying feet which have chased the golden hours in the most exquisite waltz music ever written. I can remember when the "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz was new. In how many withered bosoms does the memory of it stir the fondest associations of youth? As its tender melodies murmur in my brain, I have visions of ball-rooms, of sweet young things in sashes, with shining eyes and parted lips, of complexions whose natural freshness could defy the dawn that came all too soon and broke the charm. The "Blue Danube"! We thought it a river of music, and that Cinderella skimmed its ripples in her glass slippers! It had a marvellous effect also in the conservatory when its strains stole through palms and flower-pots to recesses where young heads were laid rather close together, and a more than earthly bliss was discussed in whispers. I see now in the dim past a youthful pair emerge from the conservatory, the lady rather flushed and her swain's shoulder liberally bedewed with tears. I hear the voice of a cynic, "Tears, by Jove! That confounded 'Blue Danube' always makes 'em weep! To-morrow she'll tear his eyes out!" I survey the speaker with the scorn of confident young sentiment.

Yes, when beauty wept on a manly shoulder, Strauss was often the inspiration of that emotion. It was enchanting, but fleeting. In budding adolescence I used to wonder why tenderness in a sash, so confiding when the violins were gurgling, became so cool and distant next day. How harrowing was that early experience of the caprice of woman! I did not know that the Danube was a sort of Gulf Stream of sentiment, that flowed through the ball-room and the conservatory and the supper-room, bearing delightful and transient fancies, but ran dry in the prosaic daylight. Strauss was always the magician of fluttering hearts; but when he was not upon the scene, some of them did not flutter overmuch. Thus even music teaches the inexorable lessons of life!

A LOOK ROUND.

Royal Ascot, due next week, occupies the thoughts of the fashionable world and of racing men alike. But a Derby question much canvassed is—Would Holcauste have won if he had not met with his fatal accident? Sloan is credited with having said that Holcauste was the best thoroughbred he had ever ridden, and that he had beaten Flying Fox when the French horse fell. The veracity of the report may be doubted. To an impartial observer not interested in any particular horse, the facts seemed simple enough. When the horses started, Sloan dashed off at top speed, and forced the pace all the way. However successful this policy may be in a short race, it is not always triumphant in a long one, especially over the Derby course, where there are hills to climb, hills to descend, and corners to negotiate. Good judges of racing say that Holcauste had to be ridden hard at the bend before Tattenham Corner while Flying Fox was going along well within himself. In going down the hill, Holcauste pecked, and then it was seen that something was wrong, for the jockey was sprawling on the turf, and Holcauste was hobbling along on three legs, shaking the fourth as if in great pain. He had broken a pastern. Meantime, Flying Fox went on an easy winner, only being once shaken up, and that was to evade the challenge of Damocles.

Be sure it was a serious indisposition that kept M. Jean de Reszke away from Covent Garden last Monday. An ideal Faust, the Polish tenor would undoubtedly have sung if he could, to gratify the Princess of Wales, who paid her second visit to the Royal Opera this season on purpose to hear Gounod's fascinating work, so splendidly cast. But though M. Jean de Reszke was absent, mellifluous Melba, Salza, Edouard de Reszke, and Ancona were heard to advantage in "Faust," so picturesquely staged by M. Grau.

"The Cowboy and the Lady" was produced at the Duke of York's on Monday night. Is it interesting? Is it well acted? Most assuredly—not only in the major but in the majority of the minor parts. Those who are fascinated by the Buffalo Bill life and ranche episodes, so ably drawn by Bret Harte; those who appreciate a clever blend of pathos and humour; and those who love symmetrical and harmonious acting, will not turn a deaf ear to the good work of popular Nat Goodwin and his clever companions. Gentlewomen of high degree and modern society at large may be the better for studying these Bret Harte heroes, who do not become brutes because they use a strong phrase or so. It clears the atmosphere. They will talk also of Maxine Elliott, the beautiful Mrs. Weston, horsewoman, dare-devil rider, who is loved by the cowboys, who respect her purity, her chaff, and her bravery. They will have much to say also of the excellence of the general acting, and the scene where Teddy North is tried for murder, defends himself, and is virtually doomed to death on the evidence of the woman who, in the witness-box, declares her love for him, the supposed murderer of her husband. But as they come delighted out of the theatre, they will have most to say of the delightful Midge of Gertrude Elliott, a combination of the Miss and Miggles of Bret Harte, one of those pure and innocent girls who make cowboys and colonisers as tender and gentle as women. There is much to delight everyone in the new play by Clyde Fitch.

It is surprising how well "H.M.S. Pinafore" wears, despite the fact that the first great Gilbert and Sullivan success has passed its majority. So all praise to the old firm of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, and the full complement of cheers to the good company of "H.M.S. Pinafore." It is a capital new crew that Mr. d'Oyly Carte has shipped, along with that sturdy veteran, Mr. Richard Temple, once more vocally and melodramatically effective as Dick Deadeye. Indeed, we almost forget the burlesque sentiment that should be shown by such pretty stage-lovers as Miss Ruth Vincent and Mr. Evett, so earnest and charming is the singing of both soprano and tenor. That old Savoy favourite, too, Miss Brandram, has played Little Buttercup before; but never has she looked so young or delivered her music so perfectly. Finally, the captain and his boatswain find the most capable representatives in Messrs. Lytton and Leon, and that droll comedian, Mr. Pasmore, makes even Sir Joseph Porter a hilarious character. But when are we to see "Iolanthe" again at the Savoy?

"The Dreyfus Case in a Nutshell" is the managerial description of that popular Adelphi play "One of the Best," revived last week at the Princess's Theatre. The official advertisement is fairly justified. Handsome William Terriss, alas! is no longer with us, to play so picturesquely, as at the Adelphi, the martyred lieutenant; but the Princess's manager has found an admirable substitute. It appears that Mr. Harry B. Stanford was cast originally for the part of the villain, and had to fill Mr. Loraine's place as lead at the shortest notice. Mr. Stanford's air of earnest sincerity, his manly bearing, and unforced display of pathos seemed exactly fitted to the heroic rôle. This was a Dreyfus whom the Princess's audience, at least, would have unanimously acquitted.

Of the first of the cricket-matches arranged to be played between England and Australia, probably the thing most appreciated by the company at Trent Bridge, Nottingham, was the fielding of the Englishmen. In their batting, however, the latter occasioned much disappointment. Four good wickets down for nineteen runs boded ill for the home side. But Ranjitsinhji remained, and this prince of India, whose brilliant efforts shone out all the brighter by being set in so many failures, saved England from defeat. Much more attractive cricket was seen in the next match of the Colonials' tour. It was against the M.C.C., whose guests at dinner the Australians were on Tuesday evening. Are Yorkshire falling from their high estate? It was Middlesex last week who lowered their flag. Now it is Essex, for which county P. Perrin and A. J. Turner each felt the thrill known to cricketers when the third figure has been reached.

THE RETURN OF DREYFUS.

Immediately upon the decision of the Cour de Cassation, the Cabinet Council decided that the cruiser *Sfax* should proceed from Forte de France to Devil's Island to bring the prisoner home. The vessel was expected to reach Cayenne about June 9, and



PART OF THE PORT OF CAYENNE, SHOWING THE BARRACKS OF MARINES WHO MOUNT GUARD ON DEVIL'S ISLAND.

attentive to elocution was satisfactorily proved by the excerpts from ancient and modern classics which were delivered in the Upper School at noon. At two the Provost entertained about sixty guests to "dinner" in Hall, when Lord Rosebery made a happily humorous speech, telling his audience that on applying to his sons for guidance as to



Photo, Bonaught.

THE "SFAX," WHICH IS BRINGING DREYFUS HOME.

should arrive at Brest on June 26. On the voyage Dreyfus will have an officer's cabin, and may take exercise on the deck from 1 to 4 p.m. On landing at Brest he will be handed over to the military arm, and will be conducted to the military prison at Rennes, where the new court-martial will be held. Our illustration of the Port of Cayenne shows the barracks where the marines who supplied the prisoner's guard were quartered. Cayenne is the capital and chief seaport of French Guiana, and is situated on the west point of the island. It stands upon the small river of the same name, and possesses a wide and safe bay. The island is separated from the coast of South America by a narrow channel. Its climate is notoriously unhealthy.

FÊTE AT STORMONT CASTLE.

A fête in aid of the funds of the Belfast Maternity Hospital was held in the grounds of Stormont Castle on May 26 and 27. The fête was opened by the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, the chair being occupied by the Rev. Thomas Hamilton, President of Queen's College. Dr. Bryce Smith called upon Lady Dufferin to declare the fête open, which her Ladyship did in an appropriate speech, commending the hospital to the sympathies of women especially. Her Ladyship also expressed the general gratitude to Mrs. Allan, who had lent the grounds for the occasion. On Saturday, May 27, the fête was formally opened by the Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Jaife.

THE FOURTH OF JUNE AT ETON.

This year the historic "Fourth" fell on Sunday, so Eton celebrated its Commemoration Day on Saturday, June 3. The "Fourth" is too often an inclement day, but for once the weather was everything that could have been desired. A large and fashionable gathering assembled to listen to the speeches and see the cricket-match and the procession of boats. The Duchess of Albany, whose son is at Eton, and Lord Rosebery, whose interest in the school is also parental, were among the visitors. That young Eton is still



Photo, Hills and Saunders.

THE FOURTH OF JUNE AT ETON: THE PROCESSION OF BOATS.

what he should say they had begged him not to refer to the anecdote about the Duke of Wellington and the Eton Playing-Fields. In the course of his remarks his Lordship said—"You have drunk a toast in the pious memory of our founders, and I am inclined to think we owe them much more than is generally supposed. For my part I feel sure Henry composed some of the school-books in use at Eton when I was a boy.

Both in the matter itself, and the style in which it was conveyed, those books bore strong marks of the 'distracting times of the Civil Wars. But, of course, all that has been changed, and I am sure the educational manuals of to-day are all, and more, than we could wish. What is the secret of Eton's greatness? Other schools have their days of festival. At Eton the one great day of the year—the Fourth of June—passes somewhat quietly. Why? Because every day at Eton is a great day. Every day at Eton is forming great men; every day is furnishing material for the future history of the country. It is a sublime thought that animates us when we return, after many years of separation, to meet once more in this august hall and in your august presence; and it is with feelings that are deep, tender, serious—feelings of affection and veneration—that I ask you, gentlemen, to honour the toast 'Floreat Etona!' coupling with it the name of one of the worthiest Provosts that ever sat in that high office." The procession of boats and a display of fireworks concluded a memorable day.

THE LATE JOHANN STRAUSS.

Johann Strauss, the greatest among composers of dance music, died at Vienna on June 3, aged seventy-three. His father, Johann Strauss, was the creator, in company with Lanner, of modern Viennese music. Johann the younger, against his father's will, adopted the profession of a musician and made his first public appearance in Vienna in 1841, when he won the popular ear with two waltzes. Among his compositions, the famous "Blue Danube" stands foremost in favour, and may almost claim immortality. That

Liszt should have played it at private parties was one of Strauss's most gratifying memories. His compositions number over five hundred. Of his operettas, "Die Fledermaus" is best known. It was, indeed, in conducting that work on Whit Monday that Strauss over-exerted himself and caught the chill which terminated his career.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY BANQUET OF ROYAL WARRANT HOLDERS.

Her Majesty's eightieth birthday was celebrated by the Incorporated Association of her Majesty's and other royal warrant holders, who met on Saturday evening for their fifty-ninth anniversary banquet at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole. Mr. J. M. Campbell (Debenham and Freebody), president of the association, took the chair. Mr. Daniel Mayer, vice-president, was also present. The president, on behalf of the association, telegraphed loyal congratulations to Balmoral, and during the evening the following reply from Sir Fleetwood Edwards was greeted with cordial applause: "The Queen thanks you and all those assembled with you for your kind and loyal telegram."



Photo, Welch, Belfast.

FÊTE AT STORMONT CASTLE, BELFAST: OPENING CEREMONY BY THE MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN.



Photo, Erlanger.

THE LATE JOHANN STRAUSS.



MAJOR MARCHAND: THE HERO OF THE HOUR IN FRANCE.



QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY BANQUET OF THE ROYAL WARRANT HOLDERS AT THE WHITEHALL ROOMS, HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MAJOR MARCHAND'S RETURN HOME.

The return to France of Major Marchand, admired by his own countrymen, perhaps, rather for exhibiting the tenacity of their national claims, since withdrawn, to a position at Fashoda, on the Upper Nile, than for his really high merits as an explorer and traveller in Equatorial Africa, has been discreetly and unostentatiously conducted. Having landed at Toulon from the French Government vessel which brought him from Port Said, he was entertained with a banquet, and on Thursday, June 1, arrived in Paris, and was conducted in a State carriage to the Ministry of Marine. Thence, after luncheon, accompanied by M. Lockroy, Minister of Marine, and M. Guillaumin, Minister of the Colonies, he went to see the President at the Elysée Palace, met the other heads of the Government, and in the evening was entertained by the Military Club, whose guest he remained until Saturday. Medals and other decorations were bestowed upon him, and he will doubtless obtain both promotion in the Army and some important colonial or administrative appointment. The geographical and scientific societies, not only of Paris, but of London, and of other European capitals, hope to be favoured with his presence and with his personal account of the remarkable journeys he has performed between the Congo region, the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and the countries south of Abyssinia, hitherto imperfectly known.

TWO FAMOUS CASTLES.

Arundel Castle, which we illustrate in our present issue, is the chief seat of the Duke of Norfolk, and is situated close to the borough of Arundel, in Sussex. It is said to have been founded by the Saxon Bevis, whose building was succeeded, after the Conquest, by that of Montgomery. The present great pile was built in 1791 and succeeding years by the eleventh Duke of Norfolk. Among royal visitors to Arundel Castle have been William Rufus and the Empress Maud.

Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire, the subject of another illustration, is one of the most beautiful of English country seats, and one of the richest in romantic associations. The manor has been held successively by the Ferrars, the Peverils, the Averalls, and the Vernons, after whom, until the time of Queen Anne, Haddon Hall was in possession of the Manners family. Part of the house dates from the time of Edward III.

THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR.

June 3 was celebrated officially in London as the Queen's Birthday. Typical Queen's weather prevailed, and a great concourse assembled on the Horse Guards' Parade to witness the Trooping of the Colour. The Prince of Wales attended with the Headquarters Staff, and was accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of York, and other members of the royal family. The Princess of Wales and Duchess of York watched the ceremony from the windows of the Horse Guards.

A DAY WITH THE OTTER-HOUNDS.

The sultry weather and the absence of rain has been all in favour of otter-hunting, a sport which is attaining an extraordinary amount of popularity. Time was when the pursuit of the otter was the amusement of a few enthusiasts, who rose in the small hours of the morning, drove or tramped miles to the place of meeting, saw the hounds throw off at five or six o'clock, and walked with them as long as there was any chance of sport. Nowadays otter-hounds meet on many occasions at least at a conveniently late hour, and many ladies grace the fixture with their presence; in fact, otter-hunting has no better friends than ladies, some of whom drive to the meet, and bring with them in their pony-carts excellent eatables and cooling-cups, which are much appreciated as the day goes on. Unlike the master of foxhounds, the master of otter-hounds has no favourite

CHRONICLE OF THE NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Balmoral, with Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and the Grand Duchess of Hesse. Yet not unmindful of Windsor, she received with pleasure on Monday a report from Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, by telegraph, of the successful opening of the Royal Counties' Agricultural Show in the Home Park that day, and of the winning of a first prize there by her beautiful white heifer "Fairy," one of the Shorthorn breed, the best of all the show, besides which the Queen gained several other prizes.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, since the Derby and Oaks Days at Epsom, has been active in London, as noticed in different places. On Saturday evening he was the chief guest of honour at the Prime

Minister's dinner at the Hotel Cecil, to celebrate the Queen's eightieth birthday; and on Monday at the centenary banquet of the Royal Institution, where he remembered how, in his boyhood, he and his brother Prince Alfred heard Faraday's lectures on the "Chemistry of a Candle," the chemistry of coal, of water, and of other familiar substances. The Princess of Wales, with her sons and daughters, and with the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and most of the other members of the royal family, as well as the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, leading their own regiments, were at the Horse Guards' Parade on Saturday morning for the grand military ceremony of "Trooping the Colour" in the royal birthday celebration.

June boasts few prettier sights than the school sports of the summer season. Among the pleasantest of these gatherings may be named the annual athletic meeting of King's College School on Wimbledon Common, fixed for Saturday, June 17.

The announcement, in the Queen Regent of Spain's speech to the Cortes at Madrid on Friday, that Spain has ceded to the German Empire the remaining small islands of her ancient dominion in the North Pacific Ocean, the Caroline Islands, the Pellew or Palaos Islands, and the Ladrones Islands (except that of Guam, already yielded to the United States Government), has been accepted with calm resignation by the Spanish nation. Those islands, which have never yet been valuable for commerce and which have a scanty native population, would cost a great deal for naval protection. Germany will pay £870,000 for them.

On Sunday Paris was in a very excited state, the Royalists and Bonapartists, as well as Socialists or Communists, concurrently striving to provoke disorders which might injure the Government. The President of the Republic, M. Loubet, going to the races at Auteuil to see the Grand Steeplechase, was insulted and furiously assaulted by a small band of fashionably dressed members of the aristocratic sporting clubs, one of whom, Count de Christiani, grandson of an Italian General of Napoleon I., struck at his head with a heavily loaded walking-stick, but happily did little injury. The Republican Guards defended the President from further violence, and arrested nearly two hundred of the rioters.



PRINCESS CHRISTIAN AT GOLDEN'S HILL: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS RECEIVING PURSES IN AID OF THE HAMPSHIRE HOME HOSPITAL.

See "Topics of the Day."

coverts which are "sure finds," for the otter is a travelling animal, here to-day and gone to-morrow, and "off to draw," the subject of the first illustration, means trying to hit off the drag, unless, perchance, the hounds happen to mark one at some hollow. When, however, the hounds hit off the trail, there is always the chance of their running "heel way," and it is here that the knowledge of the master comes in, among other occasions. It is sport indeed to see the eager pack follow up the line until the otter is hunted to his resting-place, and then the best of the fun begins. Many of those who accompany the hounds carry, it will be observed, poles; but these harmless aids must not be confounded with the otter-spear, which went out of fashion long ago. To transfix the otter with the spear was the correct thing to do in bygone times, but now the otter goes free if the hounds cannot catch him, and the poles are only magnified walking-sticks.

PERSONAL.

The Court of Cassation has unanimously quashed the sentence on Captain Dreyfus and ordered a new trial before a court-martial sitting at Rennes. Rennes is close to the Breton coast, where the prisoner will land on his return to France. Thus the enemies of justice have gained nothing by the removal of the case from the Criminal Chamber to the united Chambers of the Supreme Court. Forty-eight French judges have virtually found Captain Dreyfus to be innocent, for the judgment is so drafted as to be a plain direction for his acquittal by the court-martial. It is declared judicially that his trial was illegal, that he did not confess, and that there is the strongest reason to believe that not he but Esterhazy wrote the bordereau. Esterhazy has reiterated in the *Times* and the *Daily Chronicle* the confession he made eight months ago as to the authorship of that document. He persists in asserting that he wrote it "by order," and that the whole General Staff was privy to it. This may be dismissed as an invention, designed to cover his own treason.

Within a week Edinburgh has lost two of her Parliamentary representatives. Mr. Robert Cox, member for South Edinburgh, died at Aix-les-Bains; and on Monday night, during the debate on the Kitchener grant, Dr. Wallace, member for East Edinburgh, was seized with sudden illness and expired in a few hours. Dr. Wallace's history is extraordinary. Educated for the Church at St. Andrews and Edinburgh, he rose to be a Doctor of Divinity, and succeeded Russell in the editorial chair of the *Scotsman*. Thereafter



Photo, Russell and Son.
THE LATE DR. WALLACE, M.P.

he made a successful appearance at the English Bar, and concluded his Protean career in Parliament. In 1886 he defeated Mr. Goschen in East Edinburgh by a majority of over 1400. He retained his seat ever since. In Parliament he was pre-eminent for biting wit, and was a terror to his own party. His sudden death painfully affected the House.

The appeal in which their Royal Highnesses Princess Christian and Princess Henry of Battenberg have joined with the "Soldiers' Help Society," to raise a fund for the establishment of Cottage Homes for invalids and convalescents, and Homes of Rest for incurable, hopelessly disabled men, of the sick or wounded soldiers of our Army, deserves public support. It comes with peculiar grace and propriety from those royal ladies whose nearest relatives have actually served with the Army in unhealthy climates and against savage foes, and one of them, the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, sacrificed his life to such service.

Dr. Norman Kerr, whose death took place at Hastings, was the eldest son of Mr. Alexander Kerr, and was born at Glasgow in 1834. He was best known for his work in connection with temperance. In 1861 he graduated at Glasgow University, and thirteen years later settled in London. He identified himself with every movement which sought to promote sobriety, and at the time of his death was President of the Society for the Study of Inebriety. His published works on the drink problem number about thirty. He was chairman of the Inebriates Legislative Committee of the British Medical Association, honorary member and corresponding secretary of the American Association for the Care of Inebriates, consulting physician to the Dalrymple Home for Inebriates, and a Fellow of the Obstetric and Medical Societies of London.

The Czar has passed judgment upon the extraordinary troubles which have dislocated the whole University life of Russia. He finds that the blame for the origin of the disturbances rests most heavily on the University authorities, who are severely censured. The police also come in for reproof. On the other hand, the students are blamed for lending themselves to "political machinations." The Czar promises that if they will return to their studies, harsh measures will be abrogated.

Sir Henry Irving has quitted the house, No. 15a, Grafton Street, Bond Street, where he has lived for twenty-eight years. He has taken a flat in a new block of buildings at the end of Stratton Street, Piccadilly, close to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's, and overlooking the grounds of Devonshire House. This move will give him an airier dwelling, but the revolution it involves after nearly thirty years is quite as serious to him as any in the history he is now impersonating at the Lyceum.

Mr. H. S. Hele-Shaw, who has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, has been Harrisonian Professor of Engineering in University College, Liverpool, since the foundation of the chair in 1885. He is a native of Billericay, in Essex, and was born in 1854. Professor Harrison is a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, an LL.D., and in his lighter moments finds recreation in the pastimes of yachting, golfing, and mountaineering. He is a member of the Alpine Club. Professor Hele-Shaw's election to the Royal Society comes as a well-deserved recognition of his services to practical science.



Photo, Maull and Fox.
PROFESSOR H. S. HELE-SHAW,
NEW F.R.S.

M. Zola has returned to Paris and issued a new manifesto. He describes the bitterness of exile, but declares that he is sufficiently compensated by the triumph of justice. When he clasps the hand of Alfred Dreyfus, his reward will be complete and his cup of thanksgiving full. He invites the authorities to carry out the sentence of the Versailles tribunal; but it is expected that steps will be taken to nullify it, as they must also be taken to cancel the whole abominable procedure against Colonel Picquart.

Captain Carlos A. Rivers, the Chief of the British South Africa Police who is in command of the South

African natives and their kraals at the Earl's Court Exhibition, was born in Spain, but is one of the Pitt-Rivers family. He has seen much fighting, first on board the *Shah* in 1876, when she encountered the Peruvian vessel *Huascar*. In this engagement the first Whitehead torpedo was fired. In the Zulu War he was in charge of the Gatling gun battery; subsequently he was present at the bombardment of Alexandria. During this service he was in the Naval Brigade. At Suakim, in 1885-86, Captain Rivers was in McNeill's zereba, where the Berkshire Regiment were cut to pieces; he also fought at Tamai and Handoub. On leaving the Navy in 1891 he joined the Cape Mounted Rifles, and afterwards the Bechuanaland Border Police, with whom he served in the Matabili War. His last experience of active service was at Omdurman. Captain Rivers wears the medals for these campaigns.

The Roman Church in London has lost a distinguished ecclesiastic in Dr. Luke Rivington, who passed away on

May 30 at his London residence after four days' illness. A son of the late Mr. Francis Rivington, of Waterloo Place, the deceased originally joined the Cowley Fathers, and laboured in India and at the Cape. About eleven years ago he was received into the Roman Catholic Church, and has since lived and laboured in the Metropolis. An eloquent preacher, Dr. Rivington drew large audiences to hear his discourses. His hearers were drawn from the most cultivated and enlightened classes. As a controversialist he was accounted powerful, and his historical and doctrinal writings are considerable. He was interred at St. Mary's, Kensal Green, on June 3.

By an immense majority the House of Commons has voted the grant of £30,000 to Lord Kitchener. It was opposed by Mr. Morley entirely on the ground that Lord Kitchener had ordered the disinterment of the Mahdi's remains, which, with the exception of the head, were thrown into the Nile. In the course of his speech, Mr. Morley was corrected by Mr. Balfour on two important points. The removal of the remains was not secret, and the body was not mutilated. Mr. Balfour

argued with great force that Lord Kitchener's action had saved Kordofan and Darfur, where the population would have adhered to the cause of the Mahdi if they had not been convinced by the destruction of his tomb that he had no supernatural power. Lord Charles Beresford twitted Mr. Morley, who is a Trustee of the British Museum, with the desecration of tombs by the search for Egyptian mummies. Mr. Labouchere adduced the grotesque argument that the Sirdar was not entitled to the grant because the combatants at Omdurman were not equally matched.

THE MAN WHO "SMASHED" THE MAHDI.
Then Morley, John, he promptly up and said
He'd very soon bring matters to a head—
And so he did. The Mahdi's seems to stick
To him as Charles's did to Mr. Dick.
Meanwhile the public sees the Sirdar paid
His thirty thousand pounds of "grant-in-aid,"
And is content—but whispers in his ear
"Another time, of prophets' heads steer clear!"

Sir G. A. Pilkington, who has been returned in the Radical interest for the Southport Division of Lancashire the seat vacated by the death of Sir H. Naylor-Leyland, practised medicine in Southport from 1870 to 1884. He was Mayor of Southport in the years 1884-85, and 1892-93, and from 1884 to 1885 occupied the Parliamentary seat which he has just recaptured. Sir George is fifty-one years of age; he was educated privately, and studied medicine at Guy's Hospital. He is an athlete, a cyclist, and a yachtsman. Since 1885, when Dr. Pilkington was elected in the Liberal interest, the Southport Division has returned a Conservative three times and a Radical twice.

"To Brighton, to Brighton," in the words of the song, speeds Mr. William Forbes as General Manager of the London, Brighton, and South Coast line, in succession to Mr. J. F. S. Gooday, who has returned to the Great Eastern. Mr. Forbes's appointment is a good one. Son of a respected District Superintendent of the Great Northern, who was afterwards General Manager of the Midland Great Western of Ireland, Mr. William Forbes has had considerable experience in railway management. He has been right-hand man of Mr. Alfred Willis on the South Eastern and Chatham and Dover; and while Continental Manager of the latter company he became a Knight of the Legion of Honour and Officer of the Order of Leopold.

The death of Mr. Robert Cox, M.P., has robbed St. Stephen's of the presence of a genial personality, and

South Edinburgh, for which he was returned as a Liberal Unionist in 1895 by ninety-seven more votes than were recorded for Mr. Herbert Paul, of a representative that manifested in various ways his interest in the constituency. Mr. Cox had not been able to attend at Westminster this session; and his illness, which compelled him to winter at Cannes, terminated fatally at Aix-les-Bains on June 2. Mr. Cox was born at Gorgie, near Edinburgh, in 1845, and was educated at Loretto and the Universities of St. Andrews and Edinburgh. He entered the firm of J. and G. Cox, and became sole partner in 1874, holding this position until the conversion of the firm recently into a limited liability company. Mr. Cox, who entered public life as a Conservative, but afterwards became a Liberal, unsuccessfully contested the Kirkcaldy Burghs in 1892. He was a Deputy-Lieutenant for Edinburgh and a J.P. for Midlothian.

The French Government has begun active measures for enforcing the moral authority of the judgment of the Court of Cassation. General Mercier is to be prosecuted for communicating secret documents to the court-martial in 1894. Du Paty de Clam is awaiting his trial for forgery. Other steps show that the Government feels its position to be strengthened by the Supreme Court. The judge who presided at the trial of M. Déroulède is to be punished for allowing that patriot and his friends to insult the President of the Republic. The Advocate-General who nominally prosecuted M. Déroulède and ostentatiously sympathised with him has been ejected from his post. As the Chamber has ordered the judgment of the Court to be placarded throughout France, the provinces may at last awake to the realities of the situation which have been hidden from them by lies.

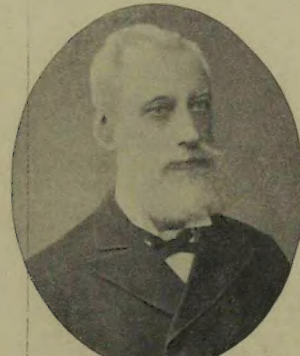
Photo, Kay.
SIR G. A. PILKINGTON,
NEW M.P. for Southport Division, Lancashire.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. ROBERT COX, M.P.



Photo, Ball.
THE LATE REV. DR. RIVINGTON.



Photo, Barrand.
THE LATE DR. NORMAN KERR.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. THOMAS SALT.
(New Baronet).

Mr. Salt was for more than thirty years the Conservative member for Stafford. He has been President of the Institute of Bankers, Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board, a Commissioner in Lunacy, and Chairman of Standing Committees in the House of Commons. Sir Thomas was born in 1830.

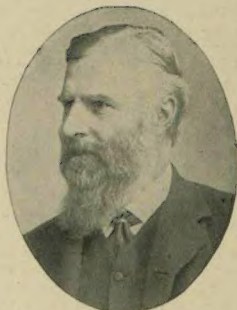


Photo. Russell and Sons.
MR. SAMUEL HOARE.
(New Baronet).

Mr. Samuel Hoare has represented Norwich in the Conservative interest since 1886. He is fifty-eight years of age, and for many years he has been a partner in the banking house of Barnetts, Hoares, and Co. He is a Churchman, traveller, and sportsman, and has shown great interest in co-operative farming.



Photo. Jerrard.
PROFESSOR J. S. BURDON-SANDERSON
(New Baronet).

Professor Burdon-Sanderson is probably the most distinguished British physiologist now living. He was Waynflete Professor of Physiology at Oxford for thirteen years, succeeded Sir Henry Acland as Regius Professor of Medicine, and to him the high position of the Oxford School of Medicine is largely due.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. THOMAS CROSSLEY RAYNER.
(New Knight).

Mr. Crossley Rayner is Chief Justice of the Colony of Lagos, of which his friend, Sir William MacGregor, K.C.M.G., is the Governor. Mr. Rayner has rendered exceptional services to the progress of law and order, both on the island of Lagos itself and on the Slave Coast or mainland.

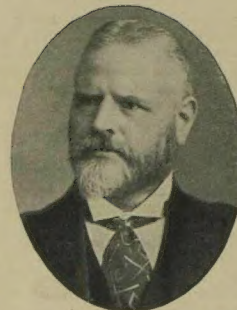


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. WILLIAM POLLITT.
(New Knight).

The knighthood bestowed on Mr. Pollitt, General Manager of the Great Central Railway, marks the successful extension of the old Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway to London. Mr. Pollitt was for many years General Manager of the M. S. and L., and to him its extension is in great measure due.



Photo. London Stereoscopic Co.
MR. L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.
(New Knight).

Mr. Alma-Tadema is a Dutchman by birth, but became a naturalised Englishman after he had achieved his great successes in the art-world of London. He studied painting at Antwerp when a boy, won gold medals both at Paris and Berlin, and was elected a member of our own Royal Academy in 1876.

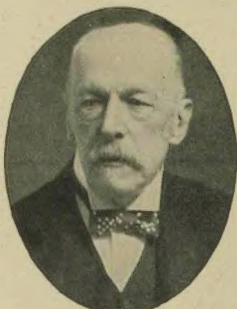


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
SIR HUGH MACDONELL
(New G.C.M.G.).

Sir Hugh Macdonell was educated for the Army at Sandhurst, and served in British Kaffraria 1849-52. He became a paid Attaché to the British Embassy at Constantinople in 1858, and has since filled diplomatic posts at Buenos Ayres, Madrid, Berlin, Rome, Munich, Brazil, and Copenhagen. He is Minister at Lisbon.



Photo. Russell and Sons.
ADMIRAL SIR W. H. GRUBBE, K.C.B.
(New G.C.B.).

Admiral Grubbe entered the Navy in 1845, and for thirty years was employed almost continuously on the West Coast of Africa, being chiefly engaged in suppressing slavery. He commanded the Naval Brigade in the Ashantee War of 1874, and was severely wounded. He has been Commander-in-Chief at the Cape.



Photo. Jerrard.
PROFESSOR MICHAEL FOSTER
(New K.C.B.).

Professor Foster is Professor of Physiology at Cambridge, and has been selected to preside at this year's annual meeting of the British Association, to be held at Dover. Last December he presided at the meeting of the Yorkshire Naturalists' Union, and read an important paper on "Compensations in Nature."



Photo. Jerrard.
SIR GODFREY LUSHINGTON
(New G.C.M.G.).

Sir Godfrey Lushington is sixty-seven years of age, having been born in 1832. He was educated at Rugby and Balliol, and gained a Fellowship at All Souls. He had a distinguished career as Permanent Under-Secretary at the Home Office, and is promoted for services at the Anti-Anarchist Conference at Rome.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY HONOURS.



TROOPING THE COLOUR, AND INSPECTION BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, AT THE HORSE GUARDS' PARADE ON JUNE 3.

Photo. Thomas, Cheselden.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

Ah, Love! could you and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's desire!—OMAR KHAYYAM.

FROM time to time other figures emerged, with an uncanny suddenness, from the darkness, and passed with as unnatural swiftness into it again, like the unreal phantoms of a lantern-slide—

We are no other than a moving row
Of magic shadow-shapes that come and go,

quoted Brewster, with the pleasure that accompanies an aptly remembered phrase—a pleasure that with him never palled, as it so often does, for want of an appreciative listener other than one's self. And then, having caught up that string of Orient pearls in the middle, he felt along for the succeeding beads, until the beautiful fatalism, more impressive in that loneliness that ever before, seemed to lessen his habitual self-reliance.

Until now the thought of being lost never entered his head, although he had been walking in that confusing and absolute gloom for over a quarter of an hour. But now he noticed that the occasional passer-by had ceased to cross his path, and the first doubt of his strongly developed bump of locality assailed him suddenly, and—instantly he was at sea, beyond his depth, in the treacherous ocean of fog.

He stood quite still and tried to think out the compass, gasping in rueful, incredulous amusement as wave after wave of bewildered uncertainty swept over him.

It was just at this moment as he so stood, trying to realise that the impossible had actually happened, and that he, Ralph Brewster, hunter and ardent woodsman, was more hopelessly turned about in the most familiar part of London than he had ever been in the depth of the forest primeval, that a distinct, quick, feminine call smote him from somewhere beyond in the muffling fog.

What was that? Surely a woman's voice. The man bent forward, striving to pierce the murky yellow curtain that had shut down close around eyes and ears, in a stifling obscurity which had been growing thicker and thicker as the afternoon waned.

Yes! There it was again: "Help me! Come to me, someone!" A woman's voice, unmistakably: unmistakably, too, the voice of a refined woman, and holding in it, to Brewster's curiously sensitive ear where voices were concerned, a strange mingling of fright and command.

"Yes," he called in reply, trying to brush away the choking cloud with impatient hands; "hold on, I'm coming. Speak again, so that I can place you."

In answer, the haunting voice sounded once more, this time seemingly ahead and a little to the right. "Here I am. Come at once, please!"

The imperative note was even more distinguishable, and Brewster steered toward the sound with outstretched groping arms, which gave him the effect of a submarine swimmer, moving far down in some deadly calm of heavy untranslucent waters, with wide-open, staring eyes, which might as well have been sightless for all the aid they gave him.

In a minute he called again: "Where are you now?" and this time the response came more faintly from the left: "Here! Can you not find me?" its command more insistent than ever. "For Heaven's sake!" Brewster

shouted, "keep still if you don't want me to lose you altogether. Don't move a single step, and call to me steadily." His voice now held an imperative ring, and the woman evidently recognised its masterfulness, for she did

as he commanded. And again Ralph plunged forward toward the intangible sweetness of the calling voice.

A London fog is almost as deceptive to ears as eyes, and thus it happened that, before the will-o'-the-wisp



He grasped one end of her slim little umbrella, telling her to hold to the crook behind him.

seemed to the man's hearing close at hand, his groping hands touched something which loomed up with such startling suddenness out of the obscurity that a rather sharp collision was inevitable. Brewster drew back apologetically, and the girl—for it was only a girl—uttered an exclamation of indignant surprise, followed by a little ripple of inconsistent, involuntary laughter, which she checked as soon as it was born.

"Oh," she said, "I am very glad you have found me at last. What a long time you were about it! I have been lost for quite an hour in this frightful fog, and I must get home at once."

"I should have found you sooner," Brewster retorted somewhat resentfully, for her tone suggested a condescension which was unbearable under the circumstances, "but I think you must have moved, did you not, after I first called?"

"Of course I did," the girl replied with spirit, "I tried to come to meet you."

"Oh, that is fatal in a fog," Brewster exclaimed. "Two people drift apart at once if they play at cross purposes like that, for in the few seconds between calls they may both be moving in exactly opposite directions. The only way is for one to stand stationary as a—"

"Foghorn?" the girl suggested brightly, with a keen, quick glance at her companion. In spite of the dusky dimness in which he was partially shrouded, though close at her side, both his voice and bearing convinced her that the man was a gentleman in whom she might trust; and her manner changed a trifle, although the condescension was still slightly noticeable.

"Exactly," Brewster agreed gravely. Then courteously, "I rather fear I am lost myself; but I may be able to be of some assistance to you. It is a frightful night for a woman to be out alone, and dangerous as well. Where do you wish to go?"

The implied disapproval of this remark seemed to sting the girl to an explanation, in spite of herself; and she began with an increased haughtiness. "To the Métropole. Surely it cannot be very far. I came out early this afternoon to the National Gallery, and while there sent my companion off on an errand. She was to return in an hour, at four o'clock. But after I grew tired of looking at the pictures, and found the time was up, of course"—impatiently—"I could wait no longer, and so—I started home alone."

"But the fog—surely by that time, it must have been very thick. You should never have attempted—"

"Yes," she admitted unwillingly, "it was thick, and it grew worse so rapidly. But—what would you?" with a pretty, oddly foreign gesture. "I could wait no longer. I knew the way; and who could have dreamed it would so soon become like this!" A shade of mischievous regret crept into her voice as she added, as if to herself, "How they will scold! Poor Nathalie! She too is lost, I fear. That is what kept her, of course. I thought it could be nothing but sudden death, she grumbled so at leaving me! But," turning abruptly, "you will take me home, Sir, as quickly as possible, will you not?"

"You may be sure of that," returned Ralph, again slightly nettled. Where in the world lay the charm of staying out, longer than was necessary, in a cold, dark fog, with this pert, self-willed schoolgirl, he should like to know! He asked himself the question angrily, and was surprised to find another self recognising that, absurd as it might seem, there was a distinct charm.

The "pert schoolgirl" just here broke in on his self-communings. "But why do we not move on, then?" she demanded a bit sharply.

Brewster's brief anger melted completely; and with one of his sudden surrenders to the humour of a situation, he broke into a laugh, full of enjoyment of this one. "Move on?" he said. "Yes, we might move on, if we only knew in which direction to move!"

The girl watched him a minute. Then his mood was too genuine, too infectious to be resisted; and she joined in, with that same frank abandonment of laughter she had previously checked. The laugh cleared the mental atmosphere, if not the material one, and Brewster said warmly, "I'm awfully sorry, you know; but this is just how I stand—"

"Are you so sure you can tell me that?" she interrupted mirthfully, the aftermath of her laughter still lighting her voice. "I fancied that was just the trouble!"

Ralph smiled ruefully. "It is," he said; "I don't know how I stand, that's a fact! I am afraid it will be a case of 'the blind leading the blind.'"

"Two heads are better than one!" she reminded him encouragingly, and Brewster answered, "That's so, and I can at least see that no harm comes to you." While the girl questioned herself, suddenly, why it was that she felt no doubt of the truth of his words—such certainty that no harm could come to her, so long as that tall, muscular figure, which till within ten minutes she had never seen, was beside her—he went on: "My pride was up, and I had determined to work out my own salvation, if it took me all night. There is a sort of exhilaration in being one's own unreliable compass. But it seems strange that nobody heard you. How long had you been calling when I came?"

"Only a minute. I could not bear to speak sooner. I did not know who might answer. And then my pride was 'up' too, and I thought I must find my way in time—it is such a short distance, you know. I am sure I started right at first, but then, after a time, I came to such a dreadful place, all noisy men and wagons; and it was then that I became so turned around and hopelessly tangled, I suppose; for, pretty soon, I found myself here—apparently in a place where there was nobody. I stood it as long as I could, and then I could not bear it any longer. It was unspeakable, the loneliness! I called, and then—you answered!"

Yes, her voice was marvellously sympathetic. In its flexible changes Brewster could trace every gradation of her experience—the arrogant self-confidence of her departure; the shrinking disgust at the rough, clamouring crowd; the desperate overmastering sensation of loneliness; and, finally, the passionate relief at his answer to her appeal. The hint of this last feeling thrilled him

swiftly, and he felt at once an immeasurable desire and capacity to move mountains, in order that this delicate, high-bred girl beside him might walk unobstructed henceforth. Unfortunately, no mountains were at hand—only the fog, grim, relentless, omnipresent, like a melodramatic ghost, the clutch of whose clammy fingers no power other than the elements could shake off.

But her words gave him a clue. "I say," he exclaimed gladly, "see here! You must have been wandering about in a circle around the square! That would account for there being so few people! If that's the case, we'll soon find our bearings. Yes—I started out from the Oxford and Cambridge Club fifteen minutes or so ago; and, so far as I can make out, I've been heading east ever since. Walking rather slowly, that ought to bring me by now just about to Trafalgar Square."

"Nonsense!" his companion declared, "I could hardly be so stupid as to walk around in a circle. It is unreasonable!"

"Oh, but I assure you, it's not unreasonable in the least," Brewster protested. "It's what every inexperienced person does when lost. It's the most natural thing in the world. We'll move forward slowly; and, if I'm right, as I begin to think I must be, we'll soon strike something that will prove it."

Move forward, accordingly, they did—cautiously, for the fog was like a dense wall, behind which no fate seemed too subtle or fearsome to lurk. And sure enough, before long, they did meet "a lion in the path"—a Landseer lion—by which token Brewster knew at once that Nelson's column was at hand, a vantage-point from which to base further calculations.

"Here we are!" he exclaimed joyfully. "This is better luck than I dared hope for. If we had struck any of these other old duffers, whose pedestals are alike as peas, it would have been as complicated as the highest sort of mathematics. As it is, the problem's simple as A B C!"

"I do not really see that we are so much better off than before," the girl answered with a sort of triumphant wilfulness. "As I remember it, there are four lions, are there not? And consequently four sides to Nelson's column. How do you know which side this is, then? It seems to me that there are just three chances to one against our starting out in the right direction from here!"

"Then it's simply a case of 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again,'" Ralph retorted with rising good humour. "This is my plan. The column is in the centre of the Square, East and West; but it is very near to the kerb on the South side; while the South-east lion—if my architectural head doesn't play me false!—points directly toward Northumberland Avenue, which, as you know, is the street we're after. So you see, all we have to do is to start straight ahead, from the side we're on, and walk about twenty paces. Then, if we don't come to the curb, do as the King of France did, 'March back again,' and begin all over from another side, until we do strike it. Do you see?"

Yes, she saw, with a quick grasp of his points that delighted Brewster, as did, still more, the girlish gusto and abandon with which she entered into the whole thing. He grasped one end of her slim little umbrella, telling her to hold to the crook behind him, while he made wild lunges ahead with his cane, because, as he said, "you never can tell what *lusus nature* you may meet with at any minute in a London fog!" They both shuddered at the thought of the way she might have pitched headlong down the steps that connect the curious stone terraces of Trafalgar Square—terraces which Brewster, from the bottom of his architectural soul, assured his companion, possessed nothing of either beauty or usefulness.

In the heat of this discussion, during the second voyage of exploration from the column, they lost count of their steps, and before they knew it were confronted with a pedestal which Brewster declared must be that of General Gordon, who had embraced the opportunity of the fog to move up and hob-nob with Nelson, since it had surely never been so close before. They faced about, and he made for the column again, in secret perturbation lest they had been turned about and bumped into one of the other statues—in which case their friendly vantage-point would not be forthcoming—but was relieved to find he was right, and there had been no more serious mistake than in the extra number of steps they had taken.

Out again for the third time. Ralph felt as if they were two children, playing at nothing more responsible or arduous than a game of "blind man's buff"; and when, at the fourth venture, they finally found the long-lost kerb (with a unanimous exclamation in which triumph and regret were ridiculously blended) the man had a keen sensation that they might claim to be old, old friends by this time, as becomes those who have grown up together through a long happy youth.

Back, for the last time, to the column steps, to the left of which (facing the kerb) crouches the "south-east lion," gazing, with stony eyes, down Northumberland Avenue. "Good for Nelson!" ejaculated Brewster. "To have beaten Napoleon's fleet was nowhere beside overcoming a London fog!" And the girl laughed merrily, "He has always been one of my heroes. I shall appreciate him more than ever after this!"

When they started slowly on again, she asked gently, as if touched by his patient persistence and clever planning—"I hope I'm not taking you greatly out of your way? It would be such a pity," and Brewster answered with a joyous ring in his voice, "Not in the least. Why, we are close neighbours. Isn't it odd? I am staying at the Victoria, right next to you. You see it was the very luckiest thing in the world, my running across you. I should never have gotten my own bearings, without your hints."

"How good you are to put it so! I think the indebtedness is all on my side—I was foolish!" she admitted, with a degree of mental surprise at the concession which would have amazed Ralph Brewster, simply because he could not have comprehended it. To him owing to a fault was the most natural and immediate outcome of its recognition. "But who could have dreamed of this?" she went on. "Oh, what a country, this England of yours! It would kill me; I could not breathe in it! Fugh!"

"But it is not *my* England," Brewster answered, laughing at the vivid disdain of her voice, "I'm an American, you know; and that accounts for my stupidity in dealing with this sort of thing. If I'd been a Britisher, I should have had you home long ago, I dare say." He ended with a mental reservation, "Thank Heaven, I'm not, then!" which, if revealed, might, in turn, have been a surprise to his companion.

She looked up interestingly. "America?" she said, "I might have known it. But why were you so surprised then? I thought it was the custom over there for women to do exactly as they pleased; to go out and about, alone and unprotected, at any hour. Oh, how I have longed for the freedom of it all, at times!" she ended with a note of weariness that caught Brewster's quick ear.

"You are then—?"

"I am a German," she answered, with a sort of finality that, somehow, checked the further questioning which rose to Ralph's lips.

They drifted slowly on, talking intermittently—nothing so impersonal as the outer facts of environment that often conceal rather than reveal our actual identity, but vital, richly personal notes, which, it seemed to Brewster, were bits of revelation of their true selves, such as surely words never gave before; interspersed with oases of silence which seemed to grow more intimate at each recurrence.

Once, just as they reached the street on which the Métropole stands, a huge dray lumbered up suddenly out of the blackness behind, and, with a quick backward motion of his arm, trained years before to pull stroke in his 'Varsity eight, Ralph caught the girl from her feet and lifted her around in front of him, out of the way of the uncouth and mammoth thing. When they moved on again he reached out and drew her arm up through his, holding it firmly to his side, while around them—all around them—the blessed, the kindly fog shut down again, separating them from the rest of the world; leaving him in a new world of his own, with this one woman, in whose presence he was conscious of a restfulness that was akin to nothing, perhaps, so much as the glad surprise of quiet, deep, harboured waters after a stormy uncertainty. It was as if he had set out on his life's voyage with the fixed idea that the world was flat, with, somewhere in the future, a final jumping-off place into a blessed Infinity, and had suddenly discovered that it was round, and that a new land, full of heavenly promise, lay ahead, locked in those still, deep harbours—while one did not have to wait till Infinity for the blessedness, after all!

And now, for a while, they did not speak at all; but Brewster knew, by a sort of sixth sense, that her silence held no estrangement. They moved on as if in a dream. Was it ended anything else? The isolation; the unreality of past or future, of anything but the intense, all-sufficing present; the complete disconnection with any fellowship beyond the limitless one of the other dream-figure at his side—that figure so vital and real where it touched him closely, but fading itself at the farther points into unsubstantiality. Where but in a dream could one find such conditions? Absorbed in this trance-like quality of the experience, Ralph Brewster lost his jealous count of the lessening rosary of precious minutes, which slipped one by one through his fingers into the past, even as the path they took slid back behind them into the devouring fog.

Just before they reached the hotel, the girl turned, pointing to a light, which flashed by them, only to be swallowed up the next instant into nothingness again. "What are these?" she said, "those lights. I have noticed them at intervals ever since we started."

A sudden temptation rose in Brewster's heart, grappled with his speech, and was worsted. He had yielded tacitly to one already, but he would at least be honest with her now. There was a dread, however, in his eyes as he looked down at her. "Those are the link-boys," he said seriously.

"The link-boys?" she repeated questioningly. "Yes, the link-boys," he continued unsparingly. "The men who carry about lighted torches, and make it their business to find people who are lost in the London fogs, and show them to their destination." Unconsciously he was repeating the phraseology of a London guide-book; but his eyes held hers as he spoke.

"Then you—when you—when we were lost," she faltered, "you might—ah! the time you might—"

"Yes, I might have hailed one, and he would have led us home in half the time," Ralph blurted out. "It was caddish—it was dishonourable in me; but I—forgive me—I—"

He stopped, for he felt rather than saw that his companion was smiling. "It was better so," she said, with a sweet, light graciousness, "it was most thoughtful. I should so much have preferred you to bring me home quietly like this, than to have come in—how do you say it?—a torchlight procession!"

The man's heart filled with gratitude; but the beautiful dream was broken like a pricked bubble. The link-boys had intruded where Ralph had fancied angels would hardly dare to tread. His glorified cloud became only a murky, yellow London fog once more, lit by the approaching electric lamps, whose dim aureoles slowly grew denser, for the hotel was close at hand. In another instant they had reached the entrance; and, with his swift return to everydayness, Brewster found his exalted sensations replaced by the most lusty and prosaic hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

The girl drew her arm from his with a quick determination, and lifted her face. As she did so, and he saw it clearly for the first time in the subdued glare, the man was struck with its expression—a sort of hopeless weariness, inconsistent with its youth and extreme fairness.

"No, do not come any further," she said gently, when he made as if to accompany her up the steps. "Please! I do not wish it. It only remains for me to thank you. Indeed, I do thank you," she continued hesitatingly, but with a deeper note, which lent a new gravity and dignity to her beautiful voice. "You have spared me great trouble, and you—saved my life, I think, that time when—when the wagon—I am glad to owe my life to you. I am glad to have known you. I wish I too—I

too—had been born in America. Will you not tell me your name, that I may remember my good friend?"

Brewster fumbled eagerly in his pocket, and handed her his card. "It was nothing—it was everything—I mean I am so glad"—he murmured confusedly, for the happiness her words gave him impeded ready speech—"so glad to have been of the least service."

They were standing at the foot of the hotel steps, a little to the side, where she had stopped him. People were jostling by them, in and out of the warm, brilliantly lighted hall-way beyond, against the brightness of which her slender figure was silhouetted tenderly, her hair making a soft halo about her shadowed face. Behind them lay the fog, in the Sphinx-like depths of which the man fancied that he had found an answer to the riddle of his life. He held out both hands. "Your name?" he said disconnectedly. "This is only *anuf widerschen*—I must see you again. I

The girl seemed surprised at the impetuous gesture; but the next instant she laid her hands, confidently, in his eager ones. Then she straightened, and drew them gently away. Her words came softly. "My name is Alexandrine Hennebourg. Good bye, my friend. I thank you—always!" she said; and then was gone up the steps; had disappeared into the brilliancy, before the dazed utterances thronging to Brewster's tongue could voice themselves.

For a minute or two he stood where she had left him, gazing stupidly after her. Then he pulled himself together with a short, happy laugh; and turning, groped his way back through the fog to his own hotel. Arrived there, and in a friendly seclusion of his own room, he paced up and down in a sort of exaltation. His passage had been engaged on the following Saturday, but he had thought of that as he came in, and had wired from the hotel office, giving up his state-room. How he exulted, now, to think how completely he was his own master; appreciating the good fortune of his singular aloneness as never before! What was to hinder if he chose to follow his fog-maiden, his will-o'-the-wisp, through all the world? Plans? Her plans should be his. As for him, he would make no plans. And forthwith he set to work at that most tempting architecture in the world, castle-building. How it all haunted him—every turn of her head, every intonation of her voice. Why, his impression of the girl was as vivid as if he had known her all his life; as indeed he had, he told himself convincingly, for life had only begun with him from the moment he heard that calling voice.

Alexandrine! How perfectly it suited her! The beginning of it stately and imperious, with the tender, playful, diminutive ending—the whole name full of dignity and strength, and yet so womanly! Hennebourg! Ah, that was not so good! Too German perhaps—an American name would be better. He laughed at himself again for his own eager boyishness—glad of his youth, glad of his wealth and good name, that he might use them all as helps in winning her. He must be patient; oh, yes, and circumspect; and not let her dream at first, or frighten her by the suddenness of it all. He would invent excuses; he would employ Machiavellian adroitness in explaining his presence, his behaviour. Yes, he would be patient. To-morrow he would wait to present himself till afternoon. He would leave her the whole morning free. A morning? A month, rather! But he would leave it to her, free. In the afternoon, at four, or probably three, possibly at two,

he would call—and so on, and so on till far into the morning, which he had so generously resolved to abnegate.

Accordingly, the next day, he killed time in numerous ways. He read the newspaper, and then caught himself wondering what the deuce there was in it, anyway. Then he took a piece of paper, and grew intensely absorbed over a rough map of their journeyings in the fog the night before, living every step of the way over again. "But oh! there is another crime I haven't mentioned yet," he quoted, under his breath, when he came to Nelson's column. "I stole that third trip, my lady! I wonder if it occurred to you that General Gordon could have directed us, without the extra excursion!" He labelled the plan "Map of the World," and then tucked it tenderly away in his wallet, smiling to himself as he speculated how long it would

old individual, whose breast so glittered with insignia that one naturally inferred he must be a very important individual indeed. Then, as they flashed quickly past, the face of a girl on the front seat, with her back to the horses, arrested his carelessly interested eye, and—burned itself into his inner consciousness! A girl with a slender, beautifully clad figure; with a cloud of light wind-blown hair and a small flower-like face, on which was stamped the expression of bored weariness which Ralph had noticed once in the voice, and again, at the last, in the eyes, of his fog-maiden of the night before.

Just at that instant she caught sight of the man, leaning forward breathlessly from the fringe of pedestrians. The bored look vanished, and a sudden, brilliant flush swept across her face for a second, and left it tense and paler than before, as she bent forward over the side of the carriage with an indescribably pathetic gesture of recognition.

Brewster had just sense enough left to remain uncovered until they had disappeared; but his own face was white as he turned to a gentlemanly looking Englishman who stood beside him, and asked unsteadily, "Can you tell me the name of that lady on the front seat of the carriage which has just passed?"

The Englishman looked with a slow curiosity into the eager, questioning eyes, which he afterwards decided belonged to one of those "aristocracy-worshippers from the other side." Then good-naturedly, and with a keen relish himself of the titled morsel under his tongue, "Isn't she beautiful?" he said. "Didn't you recognize her? Why, that was her Serene Highness Alexandrine, Princess of Saxe-Weissenach and Countess of Hennebourg!"

THE END.

It is much to be regretted, amidst the various present signs of a warm friendly feeling between the United States of America and Great Britain, that the negotiations upon the Canadian North-West and Alaska boundary dispute remain unsettled. Lord Salisbury had proposed, before Sir Julian Pauncefote left Washington, that this question should be referred to arbitration; but Canada has suddenly put forward a peremptory condition, which is that Pyramid Harbour and a strip of territory along the Lynn Canal, giving access to the interior, should in any case belong to her own Dominion. It seems now doubtful, from a recent statement of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's in

the Canadian Parliament, whether the negotiations will be resumed in August; even threatening murmurs of hostile tariff changes are indistinctly heard. We hope, still, that a more conciliatory spirit will prevail between the politicians of our great North American colony and those of the great Republic.

Even when the London Season is at its height, and the West-End palpitates with pleasure its sunny June, there are temptations to leave town and seek health and exhilaration in bracing sea trips. For example, from Aberdeen the *St. Sunniva* will run to Norway for a delightful excursion to the fjords and along the west coast of that picturesque country. These trips by the North of Scotland and Orkney and Shetland Steam Navigation Company's steamships are deservedly in favour. Their attractiveness may be judged from a glance through the neat little handbook issued by Mr. Charles Merrylees from the Aberdeen office of the company.



The girl seemed surprised at the impetuous gesture; but the next instant she laid her hands, confidently, in his eager ones.

"LOVE IN A FOG."

he before he would dare to tell her about it, to show it to her.

After this he dressed with more care and temper than he had ever before expended: fuming at his man, and then sending him out of the room, the proud and forgiving possessor of an all but brand-new suit of clothes and top-coat. Subsequently he made his way over to Hyde Park, where he strode up and down the flow in the mellow October sunshine, whose hazy quality was the sole legacy of yesterday's fog.

As he walked there, in the soft kindly air, watching the people with an amiable benevolence and universal overflowing good-will toward men, which he himself would have described as "doting," there was a sudden stir, and then an open carriage came bowling rapidly along. A very fine carriage; in fact, a most noticeable carriage, with a curiously familiar coat-of-arms on panelling and trappings. As it came toward him Brewster recognised the Princess of Wales, who sat on the back seat, beside a very stately

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The present week has seen the tercentenary of the painter who, of all the old masters, most truly foreshadowed the art of our own time. Diego Rodriguez da Silva y Velasquez was born at Seville on June 6, 1599. His father's name was Juan Rodriguez da Silva, and the painter ought to have been known as Silva, but tradition has been pleased to call him rather by his mother's surname, Velasquez. His parents gave him a liberal education, intending him for one of the learned professions; but while in his early teens Velasquez displayed so decided a bent towards art that he was sent to study under the elder Herrera. From this rough teacher he is said to have run away. He pursued his studies under Pacheco and Luis Tristan da Toledo, but with Velasquez masters counted little. He formed his style not upon the vogue of schools, but upon his own faithful interpretation of his models. At nineteen he married and found lifelong happiness, a fate strangely uncommon to men of genius. In 1622 he visited Madrid and was introduced to the Minister Olivares, who in the following year recalled him to the capital and brought him under the notice of Philip IV. From that time Velasquez's success was assured. The King admitted him to high favour, and the Minister sent him to study in Italy, whither he returned for a second and more extended tour in 1649. At Rome he stayed more than a year executing many commissions for Pope Innocent X. In 1660, worn out by his official duties as Grand Marshal at the reception of the Maréchal-Duc de Gramont, who came to demand the hand of the Infanta Maria Teresa for Louis XIV. Velasquez fell sick and died on Aug. 6. We reproduce three typical examples of the master's work.

Epping Forest was *en fete* on June 1 for the opening of the Woodford Hospital, which had been erected to commemorate the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign. The inaugural ceremony was performed by the Duke of Connaught, who was accompanied by the Duchess. The hospital has been given by Mr. J. R. Roberts, J.P., and the endowment fund has been completed by Mr. W. H. Brown, Chairman of the Hospital Committee. The building, which is situated on a beautiful open green, was designed by Mr. Kingwell Cole and Mr. Kenneth Wood, architects. The building is an ideal country hospital, and will prove of incalculable service to a district where the population is constantly increasing. There are two wards, each containing six beds, an operating-room, and every modern convenience, while the accommodation for the staff is of the best.

On the last day of May Princess Christian visited Pirbright to open the new hall which Lord Pirbright has built and presented to the parish. Her Royal Highness

Highness with a gold key, and the usual formalities of opening were gone through. Lord Pirbright proposed a vote of thanks to Princess Christian. The school sports, which the Princess remained to witness, concluded the proceedings of a memorable day.

The beautiful garden demesne of Golder's Hill, the residence of the late Sir Spencer Wells, added by purchase some time ago to the western part of Hampstead Heath, was visited on June 1 by Princess Christian, upon a public occasion arranged for the benefit of a deserving local benevolent institution. The Hampstead Home Hospital, for patients received on moderate paying terms, established some twelve years ago in Parliament Hill Road, just above the Hampstead Heath railway station, is to have a new building provided for its increasing usefulness. Funds being required, this was the good object of the pleasant summer afternoon festival meeting at Golder's Hill. Her Royal Highness, before going so far, stopped at the Town Hall, formerly called the Vestry Hall, on Haverstock Hill, to inspect the pictures and drawings exhibited by the Hampstead Art Club. At Golder's Hill, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, Lady Clanwilliam, Lady Knutsford, and Sir Richard Temple were among those assembled to welcome the Princess, who accepted purses in aid of the hospital. She planted a tree, which is to commemorate the Queen's eightieth birthday.

The Channel Squadron, during a ten days' stay at Arosa Bay last month, held the annual fleet regatta, which lasted four days. The races of the first day were confined to Service pulling boats, manned by bluejackets, stokers, marines, bandsmen, carpenters, and officers in turn. The sailing races for the Admiral's cups occupied the remaining days. The Vice-Admiral's cup for the midshipman who brought his boat in first in the double-banked boat-race was won by Mr. Midshipman Grubb, of H.M.S. *Jupiter*; the single-banked boat-race by Mr. Naval Cadet Howard, of H.M.S. *Mars*. Captain F. J. Foley won the Admiral's cup in the Service rig sailing race, and Lieutenant F. R. Harrold, of H.M.S. *Pactolus*, carried off the Hornby Challenge Cup in the "fancy rig" race. The regatta closed on May 24, the Queen's birthday. At noon the vessels of the



THE VELASQUEZ TERCENTENARY, JUNE 6: PORTRAIT OF VELASQUEZ, BY HIMSELF.



"CHRIST AT THE COLUMN," BY VELASQUEZ.



"CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF MARTHA," BY VELASQUEZ.

honoured Lord and Lady Pirbright with her company at luncheon, to which many distinguished guests had been invited. Thereafter Princess Christian proceeded to the new hall, which was decorated for the occasion. On the Princess's arrival the school-children sang "God Save the Queen," and Lord Pirbright then presented her Royal

squadron simultaneously fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns. The course in the pulling races was straight, three miles in length, finishing under the bows of the flag-ship *Majestic*; and for the sailing races it was a triangular course, marked by flag-buoys, of three miles, which had to be sailed around three times.



WOODFORD HOSPITAL, OPENED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.



NEW HALL AT PIRBRIGHT, OPENED BY PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.



Photo, L'Espresso, Cairo

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT CAIRO: BRITISH TROOPS SALUTING THE FLAG.

On May 24 the British garrison at Cairo held a Queen's Birthday parade and went through the ceremony of Trooping the Colour, in presence of Lord Cromer.



THE CHANNEL SQUADRON REGATTA AT AROSA BAY: FINISH OF A SAILING RACE.

Government House, Perth, Western Australia, which stands on a fine site in St. George's Terrace, east of and adjoining the Public Gardens, and overlooking an arm of the Swan River called Perth Water, has recently been enlarged. The house accommodation having proved inefficient for the proper entertainment of guests, some years

The much-talked-of meeting between Sir Alfred Milner, High Commissioner of South Africa, and President Kruger is now an accomplished fact. The Conference met at Bloemfontein on May 31. It has been stated that the Transvaal delegates are in favour of five years' franchise for the Uitlanders, such franchise to be retrospective, the



THE RAILWAY CENTRAL BUREAU, BLOEMFONTEIN, WHERE SIR ALFRED MILNER AND PRESIDENT KRUGER MET IN CONFERENCE.

lack the Government decided to make such additions as would bring the house up to date and to correspond with the accommodation generally provided in the Eastern Government Houses. These additions include large dining, drawing, and billiard rooms, together with a ball-room with refreshment-rooms. One feature of the ball-room is that the whole of the floor span (100 ft. long and 50 ft. wide) is clear for dancing, there

qualification to be possession of a mining claim or property "stand." Though the proceedings were private, the order of parties in session was made known. At the head of the table sat Mr. Fischer, the interpreter; on his right sat Sir A. Milner and his party; President Kruger and his party occupying the left. On June 2 it was rumoured that a hitch had occurred, and on Saturday the Conference adjourned after the morning



Photo, Elliott and Fry

SIR A. MILNER

H.M. COMMISSIONER FOR SOUTH AFRICA



ROOM IN WHICH THE CONFERENCE MET AT BLOEMFONTEIN.



PAUL KRUGER.

PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

being a wide ambulatory all round with galleries over to correspond, with a large flat for promenade overlooking the gardens and river. The whole has just been completed from the designs and under the direction of the Chief Architect of the Public Works Department, Mr. John H. Grainger, the contractors being Messrs. R. P. Vincent and Son. The cost has been about £15,000. The two views we publish show the interior of the new ball-room and the general southern aspect of the additions.

sitting. President Kruger, it is understood, contemplated an abrupt departure, and even ordered a train, but afterwards changed his mind. We append illustrations of the new Railway Central Bureau at Bloemfontein, where the Conference was held. The board room is floored with plain oak, and has a heavy teak dado. The tiled fireplace is of a chaste antique design, and the furniture is all of plain unpolished oak. For the use of these illustrations we are indebted to the proprietor of *South Africa*.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, PERTH, WESTERN AUSTRALIA.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, PERTH, WESTERN AUSTRALIA: THE NEW BALL-ROOM.

Photographs supplied by J. H. Grainger, Perth, W.A.



THE GENTLE ANGLER.

This year those who retreat to Homburg after the rigours of the London season will hear of a new project which has lately been agitating the burghers. Some Roman remains were recently found in the Limes, and controversy, which took an acrimonious turn, arose as to where a museum to contain these should be erected. The German Emperor stepped in and effected a settlement. On May 15, when the Emperor and Empress

background appear the Generals von Hahnke, von Plessen, Count Wedel, and Major von Boehnke.

In the Temple Gardens, where Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, and John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset, with their party followers, plucked the white and red roses



Photo. T. Hoff.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS VISITING THE SAALBURG NEAR HOMBURG.



CLAYESMORE SCHOOL KENNELS, OPENED BY THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

visited the Saalburg, the Emperor called Mr. Jacobi, the expert in Roman antiquities, and Dr. Tottenborn, Burgomaster of Homburg, to his side, and told them that he thought the spot most suitable for the museum, as so many memories are associated with it. Besides being the most famous part of the Limes, and lying in a most charming neighbourhood, it was one of the most favoured resorts of the late Emperor Frederick. The town shortly afterwards voted 10,000 marks for the museum, an act which drew from the Emperor a congratulatory telegram. In the foreground of our illustration is the Empress, with Mr. Jacobi. Behind them is the Emperor, to the left his sister-in-law, Duchess Friedrich Ferdinand of Schleswig-Holstein; to his right his cousin, Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein. In the



Major Stansfeld. Capt. Fance. Major Duck. Lt.-Col. Marshall (in command). Major Blackden. Major Wilson. Lt. Nightingale.

A GROUP OF OFFICERS OF THE KARENE EXPEDITION.

that sent "a thousand souls to death" in the civil wars of the fifteenth century, this year's sweet transit from the spring to the summer, on the last day of May and the first of June, was marked by a fine show of flowers. The Royal Horticultural Society, for the twelfth time, pitched its tents in that fair pleasure of the Benchers and students. The chief nursery gardens of England, some also of Holland and Belgium, with many conservatories of lords, ladies, and gentlemen addicted to the purest and most gracious of all costly tastes, sent in their lovely tributes to Nature's delightful magnificence. Who would not be grateful? Roses, carnations, peonies, orchids, begonias, calceolarias, gloxinias, cannas, hydrangeas, rhododendrons, and other hardy floral shrubs, with a few special features of exhibition, Messrs. Sutton's new hybrid nemesia for bedding

out, Messrs. Jannoch's success in prolonging the lily-of-the-valley blossom in Norfolk, and Mr. Cheal's revival of the quaint sculpture of clipped bush vegetation, in yew and box plants reduced to animal or geometrical shapes—made up an interesting study. The numerous company included his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.



THE ALBERT TAZZA.



AT THE TEMPLE FLOWER SHOW OF THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

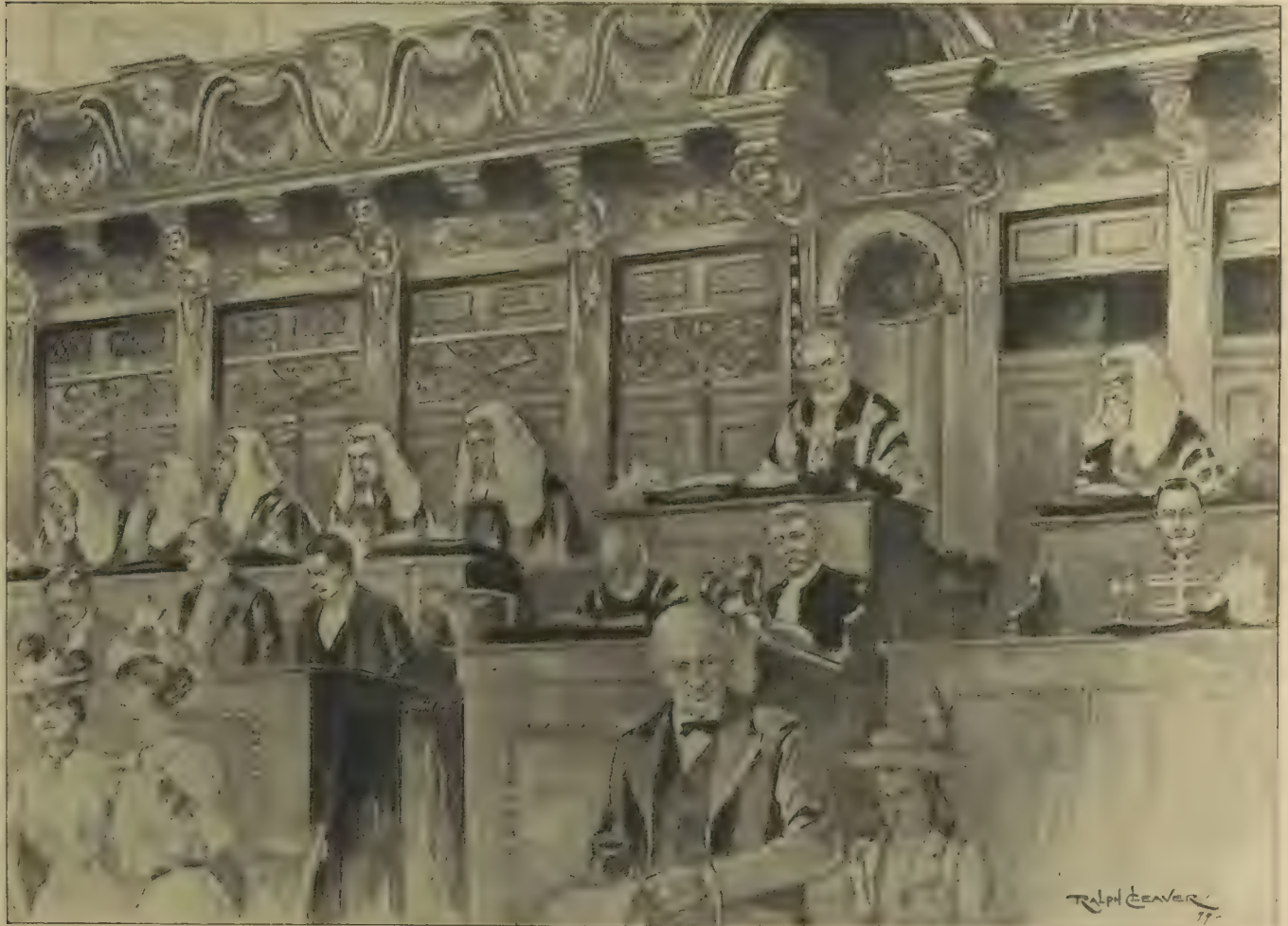
In the all-round education of boys, as we are now all beginning to think, some other training of habits, exercises, tastes, and sentiments than that of mere bookish study—yet something more responsible to a high sense of duty than the rivalry of cricket and football—is a commendable provision. The care of animals is surely one of the best means of moral discipline that Nature affords to the youth of mankind, and most agreeable to boyish inclinations and healthy tastes. Why should not another school possess, like Clayesmore, at Enfield, its well-chosen and well-managed dog-kennel, under proper medical and veterinary supervision, the work of cleaning out, feeding, littering, washing, and the rest of it, to be managed by the boys, with their own captain? Are English lads to be made the cowards of an absurdly exaggerated notion of canine hydrophobia in these days? In a printed circular issued by the President of the Clayesmore Kennel Club, we find very sensible remarks upon this subject, which might be further extended to the keeping of horses and cattle, poultry, duck-ponds, fish-ponds, and bee-hives. Lady Warwick opened the Kennel Club on Monday.

At the ceremony of the Queen laying the first stone of the new Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington, an appropriate gift, presented by Mr. John Leighton, F.S.A., which will serve as another token of the lamented Prince Consort's inestimable patronage of intellectual arts and studies, was graciously accepted by her Majesty. It is a duplicate or copy of the "Albert Tazza," which Mr. John Leighton designed, and which was manufactured by Messrs. Minton, upon the occasion of the death of his Royal Highness in

perfunctory way. It is beyond the confines of the Colony of Sierra Leone, but within the Protectorate, and the disturbances which led to the expedition arose thuswise:

For some time the Sierra Leone Frontier Police had been unpopular, and discontent manifested itself in a variety of ways. This was the state of affairs as the New Year of 1898 dawned. The revenue of the Colony was insufficient, and the construction of railways and other public works was deemed inexpedient. Not only the Colony, but also the Protectorate would be benefited by them, and it was decided to impose a hut-tax upon the Protectorate. In some parts of Southern Africa hut-taxes had been imposed at various times, and their collection had not been seriously resented, but the experiment had never previously been made on the West Coast. The petty chiefs declined to collect the tax, which was fixed at five shillings for each inhabited hut in villages of more than twenty huts. The leader of the rebellious chiefs was one Bai Bureh, a wily despot, who in less important disturbances in times gone by had been a firm ally of the Government.

There was trouble on the Nile, and our relations with our Gallic neighbours were not those of most cordial description, and it was not thought prudent, with the French in the vicinity, to denude Sierra Leone of any very considerable body of troops. Thus it was that the operations, for want of a sufficient force in the first instance, extended over so protracted a period. The small bodies of troops, furnished by the West India Regiment which were sent into the hinterland in the early months of last year were intended merely



HER MAJESTY'S JUDGES AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL ON SUNDAY, JUNE 4.

December 1861. As our Illustration shows, this design consists of three framed divisions, upheld by the angels, and occupied respectively by the Palace of Westminster, symbolising the Imperial realm; by the Crystal Palace, which reminds us also of the Great Exhibition of 1851, Prince Albert's own special institution, an example since then imitated, with vast enlargements, all over the civilised world; and finally, by an edifice which appears symbolical of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The figures or faces of eminent men in Queen Victoria's reign who have added to our national renown of science, literature, and art, such as Faraday, Owen, Tennyson, and our great painters, give increased significance to this design.

Seven of the Judges of the High Court, but not the Lord Chancellor, and of course not the Lord Chief Justice, attended the usual afternoon service at St. Paul's Cathedral on the first Sunday in Trinity Term, all in their ermine robes. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the Sheriffs, some of the Aldermen and other members of the City Corporation, with its officers in full state, enhanced the dignity of this public religious function. There was a complete muster of the Dean and Chapter and Cathedral clergy. The Bishop of Stepney preached from the text, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

It is surprising how little is known of the Karene Expedition which took place last year. Yet it was one of those partially punitive and the rest disciplinary expeditions that the maintenance of Empire necessitates, which, despite the little that is known of it at the Empire's seat of government, involved the sacrifice of the lives of more officers than fell in the Sudan in the last year of grace, of which, on the other hand, so much has been heard in one way or another. The Karene country is in the hinterland of Sierra Leone—one of those places that, were it not for its being the theatre of a "little war," would probably never be known except to the "official mind," and even then in but a

to garrison the city of Karene, and leave the police free to pursue Bai Bureh. Their numbers proving insufficient, eventually the whole of the 1st Battalion of the West India Regiment and a portion of the 3rd—a force of over 800 men—with an army of carriers, had to be employed.

The difficulties of transporting supplies were enormous. The rains were coming on, and it was necessary to provision the garrison of Karene over the wet season, which lasts six months. The distance from the coast base at Port Lokko to Karene is only about twenty-two miles as the crow flies, but by the so-called roads, which are merely tracks, varying from eighteen to twenty inches wide, it is nearly thirty. The supply columns sometimes made this journey, the carriers bearing their loads on their heads, in one day. At length it was decided to establish two intermediate camps between the base, Port Lokko, and the objective, Karene. By the time the rains came, about the middle of July, the rebellious tribes had, in soldier parlance, been "smashed," and the troops were withdrawn to the coast, as it was impossible to do more in the wet season. Bai Bureh had up to then succeeded in eluding his would-be captors, but when the dry season came on in September, he was caught with but little difficulty, and now, with other prominent leaders in the rebellion, he is a political prisoner at Freetown.

Between the beginning of February and the end of September no less than fifty-six officers took part in the expedition, and those shown in the group forming our Illustration are all that could be got together at Sierra Leone at the end of the expedition. The casualty-list comprised no fewer than nineteen officers, six of whom died, and nearly three hundred non-commissioned officers and men. Lieutenant-Colonel John W. A. Marshall, late of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, carried the expedition to its successful termination, having succeeded to the command on the death of Colonel Borraston, who succumbed to heat apoplexy in the month of March.



HADDON HALL, DERBYSHIRE.

From the Painting by F. W. Hayes.



ARUNDEL CASTLE, SUSSEX.

From the Painting by F. W. Hayes.



1. Off to Draw. 2. Hit Off. 3. Taken to Land.

A DAY WITH THE CULMSTOCK OTTER HOUNDS.

From Photographs by F. Baker.



4. A Check.

5. Members of the Hunt.

6. The Kill.

A DAY WITH THE CULMSTOCK OTTER HOUNDS.

From Photographs by F. Daler.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF ROSA BONHEUR.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

One day, when Pajou had finished the bust of Buffon, Sedaine, the playwright, sent him (the sculptor) a letter of thanks purporting to come from "The Animals of the Terrestrial Globe." The missive ran as follows: "Man Pajou,—We are much obliged to thee. We did not know how to thank the man Buffon for having depicted us; and thou, with thy instinct, thy chisel, and a block of stone, hast conveyed our feelings and shown us his face—thou hast conveyed an idea of his intelligence in as perfect a manner as he hath rendered ours by means of his observation and study. Dost thou know that a man who can express the gratitude of animals is by no means a fool? Both thou and Buffon ought really to have belonged to us; thou wouldst have been a lion, and he would have been an eagle."

That kind of ingenuous but at the same time witty compliment was essentially a product of literary France of the eighteenth century; I, for one, should like to see a similar conceit adorn the tomb of Rosa Bonheur, who died a fortnight ago, on her estate at Bye, surrounded by the brute creation she loved so well.

I am ever reluctant to meddle with things and problems I do not thoroughly understand, and "hereditary genius," or to put the question on a somewhat lower level, "hereditary talent" is one of these. I have no absolute faith in the direct parental or even in the alternate ancestral transmission of acquired mental qualities. I believe that what we call inheritance in that respect is as often as not the result of surroundings. I am, however, too ignorant of the subject to dogmatise. Moreover, in Rosa Bonheur's case, a flat denial of "hereditary talent" would lead to my own discomfiture. Rosa Bonheur belonged, like Horace Vernet, to a family of painters; yet her father, with that curious human perversity which would deny the existence of the lambent sun on a glorious midsummer's day, placed his daughter in a dressmaker's establishment. It has always been a wonder to me that the young girl did not dash the silks and satins entrusted to her care with little animals; for instance, with rabbits, such as she painted at the beginning. She, however, did not. When she felt the fit of drawing coming on, she quietly escaped from the work-room and made her way to the Bois de Boulogne, where she transferred what she saw to paper with a charred twig of a tree. The father would, perhaps, have understood his daughter's vocation better if she had fallen into the ordinary routine. But of all things she drew animals, at a time when practically there were not half-a-dozen animal-painters in France, Bascassat being the foremost, and his biggest pictures fetching—under protest from the general public—something between £50 and £100. Seeing that there was no help for it, Rosa was allowed to have her own way, and in 1841, when she was twenty-one years of age, she exhibited her first small canvases.

It is not my purpose to follow Rosa Bonheur's career step by step. I have another object in view. Rosa Bonheur was a Jewess. Just at the beginning of the Franco-German War she began one of her five greatest works—"A Stag in the Forest of Fontainebleau." The whole was life-size, and when Paris fell and the armistice was signed, the canvas was not finished. The then Crown Prince of Saxony (the present King), passing through the royal residence, repaired to Bye, requesting the honour of being received by the artist. Rosa sent her maid with the reply that after the great misfortunes her country had suffered at the hands of the Germans, it would be too painful to her to receive German officers. The Prince refused to take no for an answer, and sent word to the effect that if he could not be privileged to see the painter herself, he craved permission to see her work, and, at any rate, her latest. The retort was simple. "His Royal Highness must remember that not even Frenchmen have been allowed to catch a glimpse of it."

The Prince would not be denied. If he could not see the picture, might he at least see the models? Rosa Bonheur's maid did the honours: she conducted the Prince and his staff around the park, which was then, as now, a kind of miniature zoological gardens. But the mistress of the domain locked herself in her room. What does M. Edouard Drumont say to this behaviour of a race which he constantly accuses of want of patriotism?



THE MANCHESTER CUP FOR 1899.

This cup takes the form of a highly decorative vase or urn. The style chosen is pure Greek. On a heavily embossed plinth are seated figures of Neptune and Mercury, symbolising the maritime and commercial character of the city. Above this rises the body of the vase, richly embossed on its lower surface and having round its swelling centre a trophy of processional group, copied from the famous frieze of the Parthenon. Messrs. Elkington and Co. are the makers of the cup, and the whole is executed in silver. Herminius won the trophy.

The London International Chess Congress was opened by Sir William Hart-Dyke, M.P., on Tuesday, May 20, when the following competitors were announced: Major Double Round Tournament—Messrs. 1st, Blackburne, 2nd, Janowski, 3rd, Lasker, 4th, Maroczy, 5th, Mason, 6th, Pillsbury, 7th, Schlechter, 8th, Showalter, 9th, Steinitz, 10th, Tschigorin, 11th, Teichmann, and 12th, Pinesky. Minor Single Round Tournament—Messrs. Esser, Erskine, Jackson, Jones, Klumslund, Marco, Marshall, Meese, Muller, Physik, Smith, and T. Bouchichoff. The prize-list is of considerable value, and there are, in addition, special prizes for brilliancy, etc. With such a splendid entry, some fine play may be expected, and it is to be hoped the classics of the game will be enriched during the progress of the tournament.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W. R. SUMMERS (Ealing).—It entirely depends upon circumstances. At present we cannot tell you.

ASPIRANT (Nottingham).—Your problem for a first effort shows promise, but you must practise the art for some time yet before you can expect to have one published.

F. HEALRY.—Many thanks; if quite sound, it is a gem.

I. EVANS (Cardiff).—No, you cannot make the move you mention. Although the Rook is pinned, it is still operative against your King.

REGINALD GORDON (Kensington).—The book of the Hastings Congress was published by Chatto and Windus, but we do not know whether copies can still be had.

F. HARRISON (Liverpool).—Thanks for your letter. We think your praise of the problem fully deserve it.

E. J. C. (Bomhay).—Your proposed solution will not do. You overlook the check of the Bishop on Black's second move.

MARCELLA (Cambridge).—We cannot venture on an opinion.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2829 received from S. Subramania Iyer (Egmore, Madras); of No. 2870 from Ernest D. Anderson (Minneapolis, U.S.A.); S. Subramania Iyer (Egmore, Madras); James R. Warn, G. E. Heddon, and Henry M. Warren (Pontiac, Michigan); of No. 2871 from Charles Field (Athol, Mass.), James R. Warn, G. E. Heddon, Henry M. Warren (Pontiac, Michigan), and Ernest D. Anderson (Minneapolis); of No. 2872 from Professor Karl Wagner (Vienna); of No. 2873 from Professor Karl Wagner, J. Bailey (Newark), and Inspector J. T. Palmer (Nelson); of No. 2874 from Wulfstan, Eugene Henry (Bexley), J. Bailey (Newark), Professor Karl Wagner (Vienna), Jacob Verrall (Jedburgh), F. Glanville, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), and A. McLeod (Elgin, N.B.).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2875 received from C. E. H. (Clifton), F. J. Candy (Norwood), Dr. Walte (Heidelberg), F. Glanville, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Simon Delin (Dover), A. McLeod (Elgin), H. Le Jeune, H. S. Brandreth (Dau), R. W. R. (Canterbury), Sorrento, T. Roberts, F. J. S. (Hampstead), Alpha, E. B. Ford (Cheltenham), F. Dalby, W. d'A. (Larnard), (Uppingham), Marcella (Cambridge), Shadforth, F. Harrison (Liverpool), Reginald Gordon (Kensington), George Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), G. E. M. (Glasgow), S. Keates (Burslem), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), W. H. Bohn (Worthing), Henry A. Donovan (Listowel), I. H. Warrington (Leamington), L. Deane (Leamington), J. S. Downes, Professor Karl Wagner (Vienna), H. Moss (Sheffield), A. J. B. (Bristol), H. Bourne (Bristol), Albert Wolf (Pulney), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), and J. F. Moon.

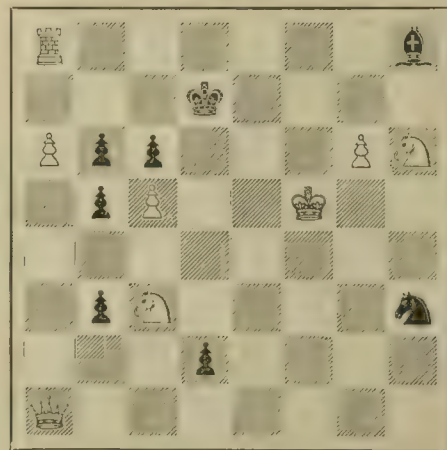
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2874.—By W. H. GUNDEY.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to R 2nd	K to K 6th
2. Kt to K 3rd (ch)	K takes P
3. Q to K 6th	Mate.

There is another solution of this Problem, by 1. Kt to Kt 2nd, P takes K; 2. P to R 3rd, etc.

PROBLEM No. 2877.—By CHEVALIER DESANGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN KENT.

Game played in the Kent County Congress between Messrs. W. B. DIXON and C. CHAPMAN.

(Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. Q to B 2nd	B takes P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	20. P takes B	Q takes P (ch)
3. Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 5th	21. K to Kt sq	P to K 5th
4. B to B 4th	B takes K		
5. Q takes B	P to Q 3rd		
6. R to K Kt 5th	R to K Kt 5th		
7. Q to Q 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd		
8. P to Q K 4th			
9. Castles (K R)	P to R 3rd		
10. B to R 4th	P to Kt 4th		
11. B to K Kt 3rd	Kt to R 4th		
12. P to K R 3rd	B to K 3rd		
13. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to B 5th		
14. Q to K 3rd			
15. B to Q 3rd	R to K Kt sq		
16. K to R 2nd	P to K R 4th		
17. P to B 3rd	P to R 6th		
18. B to K 2nd	Q to Q 2nd		
19. Q to K 3rd	R to K 3rd		
20. P takes B	Q takes P (ch)		
21. K to Kt sq	P to K 5th		
22. Q to R 2nd	P takes P (ch)		
23. K to R sq	Q to K 7th (ch)		
24. Q takes Q	P takes Q (ch)		
25. K to R 2nd	P takes R (Kt) ch		
26. B takes K	Castles Q R		
27. P to R 4th	R to K 2nd		
28. B to B 2nd	P to Q 4th		
29. P to R 6th	Kt to B 5th		
30. Kt to B 3rd	P takes P		
31. Kt takes R P	R to Q 7th		
32. Kt to B 5th	R takes B (ch)		
33. K to R sq	R to R 2nd (ch)		
34. K to Kt sq	R (B) to R 7th		
35. R to Q sq	R to R 6th (ch)		
36. K to B 2nd	R (Kt) to R 7th		
37. K to K 3rd			
38. K to K 3rd			
39. Kt to K 4th	R to K 8th (ch)		
40. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to K 6th (ch)		
41. K to R 6th	R takes Kt (ch)		
42. K to R 6th	Kt to K 5th		

The London International Chess Congress was opened by Sir William Hart-Dyke, M.P., on Tuesday, May 20, when the following competitors were announced: Major Double Round Tournament—Messrs. 1st, Blackburne, 2nd, Janowski, 3rd, Lasker, 4th, Maroczy, 5th, Mason, 6th, Pillsbury, 7th, Schlechter, 8th, Showalter, 9th, Steinitz, 10th, Tschigorin, 11th, Teichmann, and 12th, Pinesky. Minor Single Round Tournament—Messrs. Esser, Erskine, Jackson, Jones, Klumslund, Marco, Marshall, Meese, Muller, Physik, Smith, and T. Bouchichoff. The prize-list is of considerable value, and there are, in addition, special prizes for brilliancy, etc. With such a splendid entry, some fine play may be expected, and it is to be hoped the classics of the game will be enriched during the progress of the tournament.

The uses of the cycle in modern warfare are exemplified in a most interesting manner at the Military Tournament by the Cyclist Corps of the 26th Middlesex. The corps gives an exhibition of its duties on active service, including practice with a Maxim gun mounted on a cycle. Ambulance work also forms part of the display. For the third time, "Swift" cycles have been selected by the authorities for use at the Tournament.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

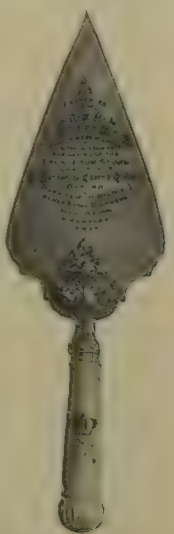
BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

It has always been a favourite point with the superstitious in arguments connected with the inability of science to explain certain so-called "mysteries"—to wit, table-turning and spiritualism at large, telepathy, second sight, and so on—that scientific men often hold aloof from explanations of such things, or reply that the unravelling of tricks and shady practices does not fall within the scope of scientific inquiry. There has been a good deal of natural soreness in the past evolved out of the fact that certain scientific men, eminent as physicists or biologists, have committed themselves as adherents of a philosophy that can only be described as that of the vain and the foolish. Because a man is an expert in classifying, say, birds and reptiles, or because he has been an explorer and has added largely to our knowledge of life as it exists upon the earth, he is not thereby to be logically supposed as qualifying for the difficult rôle of a detector of conjuring tricks.

My experience of scientists—and I may humbly claim to speak with some little authority on the point—is that of all men they are the most easily deceived by the cheap tricks of the market-place. I have seen a sharp commercial traveller detect the manner in which conjuring tricks were performed in a fashion such as no scientific man I ever heard of could pretend to unravel them. The cast of mind that occupies itself with the problems of the universe is not that which makes the sharp detective or the acute critic of spiritualistic "marvels." It is the case of the business instinct opposed to the literary, poetic, or scientific faculty. You often hear it said that few scientific or literary men are good men of business, and this is the reason why the literary agent has come to his kingdom as a kind of official adviser in all matters relating to the publication of the fruits of a man's brain. It is the same with clergymen. I once heard a canny Scot express his opinion of his parson by saying, "I'll no say he's a guid minister, but he would have made a grand lawyer!" I know men in the Church to whom this shrewd description well applies. If they are excellent persons it is rare to find them good business-men—in fact, I hear lawyers and others often declaring that their most troublesome clients are good, worthy, unpractical clergymen; and if they are shrewd men of business they are but rarely typical persons. This is precisely the case with the scientists and the conjuring tricks that pass muster for revelations of the nether world. To explain them, we are wise when we apply to Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke instead of asking, say, Lord Kelvin, Sir W. Crookes, or Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace to show us the methods whereby we have been deceived.

The worst of the whole thing is that there is a type of mind which, when it cannot immediately explain that which is even fairly and justifiably mysterious, lapses into credulity, and it is from minds of this type that the modern charlatans reap their occasional harvest of names and persons. Dr. H. Münsterberg, in a recent paper in the *Atlantic Monthly*, has been discussing this very question with conspicuous ability, and I am certain I am doing the cause of common-sense as against superstition a great service by directing the attention of my readers to his article. I should place it alongside Mr. John Fiske's article on cranks and their ways, to which I made allusion in this column. In the latter case we have an apt criticism of the people who are harmless, if they are often silly, and sometimes impertinent. In the former paper we find a trenchant examination of the relations of the scientific mind to the so-called mysticism, of people who are very often impertinent, and, what is more to the point, are often fools, but more frequently knaves.

Very apt is the criticism levelled at the heads of those who readily believe, because that which they are asked to believe savours of the impossible. Dr. Münsterberg has had experience enough of the fact that you only need to boom a very ordinary worker of modern miracles in order to elevate him to the first rank of the mystics. Two famous telepathists in Europe once asked him to come to a small town where they had discovered, he tells us, "a medium of extraordinary powers." The journey demanded fifteen hours' travelling, and Dr. Münsterberg hesitated. But the report was very inspiring, and so he packed his valise. Before he started, however, there arrived a second message: "All fraud." "Since that time," adds the writer, "I do not take the trouble to pack. I wait quietly for the second message." There are also excellent reasons present to our author's mind why he should not take part in attempts to expose mediums and the like. These reasons I have already on my own part detailed. Dr. Münsterberg agrees with me in that he knows he should be "the last man to see through the scheme and discover the trick." Madame Blavatsky would have deceived him, and Miss Paladino, the medium, would easily have made him sit in the fool's chair. The man of science is only a psychologist; he is not a detective, and this is just the crux of the whole affair.



TROWEL PRESENTED TO H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE.

The trowel presented to H.R.H. Princess Louise on the occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone of St. Margaret's Church Tower, Oxford (Diamond Jubilee Memorial), on May 23, is of solid silver with ivory handle and heavy silver mount. With the trowel went an ivory mallet, each article bearing the crown and initials of H.R.H. in proper colours. The work was executed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, London, W.



ENGRAVING THE CHINESE CLASSICS.

The subject to be engraved is written on thin paper resembling tracing-paper, which is placed face down on the surface of the block and engraved through.



REPRINTING THE CHINESE CLASSICS.

The block is inked with a dabber, the paper placed on the top, and by quick rubbing an impression is secured. One man can produce about 2000 sheets a day.

PRINTING AT TAYUEN FU, PROVINCE OF SHANSI.

CENTENARY OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

This week the Royal Institution of Great Britain celebrates its centenary. The founder of the Institution was Count Rumford, who in 1799 issued "Proposals



DR. GARNETT.
FIRST SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION

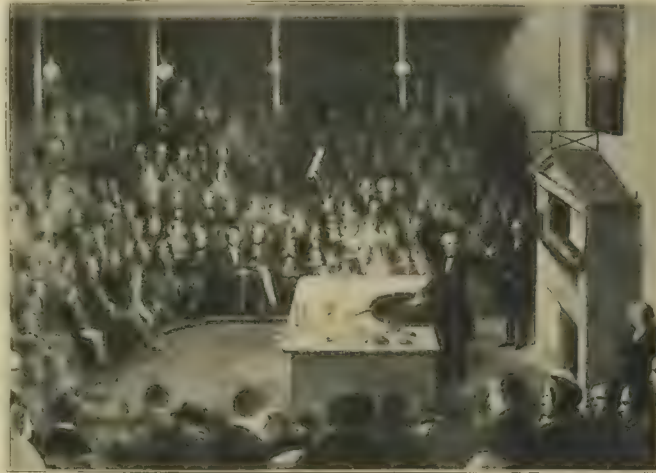
for forming, by subscription in the Metropolis of the British Empire, a Public Institution for diffusing the knowledge and facilitating the general introduction of useful mechanical inventions and improvements, and for teaching, by courses of philosophical lectures and experiments, the application of science to the common purposes of life." All sorts of practical subjects were to come within the range of the new Institution—even the means of cooling liquors in hot weather, soup-making, and cooking generally were to be deemed not beneath its notice. Sufficient support was forthcoming, and in Albemarle Street the projectors found the establishment a home, where it has remained ever since. Rumford then bethought him of a resident lecturer-in-chief, and found the man he wanted in Dr. Thomas Garnett, who came from Glasgow to be first Superintendent. He was succeeded in 1802 by Humphry Davy, whose opening course of lectures created a sensation and established the lecturer's fame.

Rumford's scheme for the promotion of industrial interests was destined to something very like failure, and in time the Royal Institution, ceasing to be fashionable, became impoverished, and was even in danger of being sold. Rumford, chagrined, quitted London for ever, and gradually, under Davy's hand, the Institution took a new complexion. As a "mechanics' institute," so to speak, it ceased to exist, and became the home of research and the theatre for popular scientific exposition. Its public lectures



MICHAEL FARADAY.
THIRD SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

on scientific subjects were a novelty in London. Until Davy drew his fashionable audiences, the popularisation of science was a thing wholly unknown. But this is only one side of its usefulness. To understand what has been its service to research, one has but to remember that Davy was succeeded by Faraday, Faraday by Tyndall, Tyndall by the present superintendent, Professor Dewar. In the laboratories of the Royal Institution Lord Rayleigh has conducted many of his inquiries into the hidden truths of Nature. The lecture theatre of the Royal



THEATRE OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION: A LECTURE BY FARADAY.
THE PRINCE CONSORT IN THE CHAIR.

Institution has seen many remarkable gatherings. One of our Illustrations represents a lecture by Faraday under the presidency of the Prince Consort.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT YARMOUTH.

Last Saturday week the Prince of Wales concluded a three-days' visit to Great Yarmouth. The object of his Royal Highness in visiting the fishing capital was to inspect



SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.
SECOND SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

the Prince of Wales's Own Norfolk Artillery, of which he is the honorary Colonel. But he was further requested to inspect at the same time three other Militia battalions, who were undergoing their annual training in the neighbourhood. When the Prince arrived at Yarmouth on Thursday week he was wearing the uniform of his regiment. Accompanied by General Kelly-Kenny, Inspector-General of Reserve Forces, General Sir William Gatacre, Colonel Viscount Coke (commanding the Norfolk Artillery), Prince Alexander of Teck, the Mayor, Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, Lord Albemarle, and others, his Royal Highness proceeded to the fort and witnessed target practice, conducted by Captain the Hon. C. Bingham, R.A., Adjutant of the Norfolks. The Prince showed great satisfaction at the smart way in which the guns were handled. On Friday the whole town went streaming out to see the review. The Militia Brigade, some 2000 strong, was drawn up in line facing the saluting-point and the sea. All the evolutions were gone through in the most orderly and soldierly manner, and, at the close of the review, the Prince congratulated all concerned on the admirable way in which their work had been carried out. On the last evening of his visit, his Royal Highness was present at the ball given in the Town Hall at Yarmouth by the officers of the Norfolk Artillery. The Prince resided, as on the occasion of his former visit, in the house placed at his disposal by Mrs. Nightingale.



THE PRINCE OF WALES WATCHING ARTILLERY PRACTICE AT YARMOUTH.

Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE GENTLE ART OF CAMEO-CUTTING.

Mount Street; and the laborious art of cameo-cutting. What a contrast! Mount Street, with its brand-new red-brick shops, redolent of modernity in every sense. And within Phillips's famous china-shop you will find, on



MOORISH BATHERS.

Monday morning, an artist is plying the ancient craft of cameo-cutting, just as if he were in Rome a century or more before the Christian era dawned on a world that was weary of the best that paganism could give it. Side by side with the modern civilisation represented by Mount Street it will be intensely interesting to watch this master of an antique art, which has survived many vicissitudes and changes in our modern machinery epoch, in the person of Mr. George Woodall, who has come to town from Stourbridge to show us the laboriousness of his craft, the conscientiousness of his patient eye and hand, and the general charm of his ancient art.

The cameo is venerable. During the first two centuries of the Christian era it flourished exceedingly in Rome, and in mediæval times it was held in the highest veneration. Then for a time it vanished, but came to the surface again in the revival of the glyptic art which the Venetian Pope, Paul II., a lover of gems, brought back to life during his brief Pontificate (1467-71). The ancient cameo was cut on streaked stones that came from the far East: it was fashioned with something of the patient loving care that Mr. Marion Crawford depicted in "Marzio's Crucifix," that wonderful story of the Italian worker in silver.

In modern times the cameo-artist has changed his medium. Josiah Wedgwood, the poor potter of Burslem, struck on a new idea when he adopted porcelain; and now Mr. George Woodall, of Stourbridge, has taken to still another medium in the shape of glass, a medium infinitely more delicate than Wedgwood's, and consequently much more expensive to work in. This medium of his is exceedingly simple. Taking a sheet of fine coloured glass (chocolate-coloured by preference), he has a film of white opal glass superimposed upon it. From that he has to cut his picture, getting to his blacks not merely by cutting down to the basal chocolate, but, what is much more difficult, indicating little shadows, delicate rotundities, by working on his upper opal. A simple explanation: a simple process, you add. And yet no one, except the artist, can have any idea of the enormous difficulties involved. Even he is at a loss to say how his plaque will turn out until the last touch has been added by his graver, for there may be lurking away in some subtle, brittle corner a treacherous bubble that will expose not a delicate shadow, not a tender rotundity of limb or feature, but an ugly hole through which the basal chocolate glares like an angry blot on a clumsy schoolboy's copy-book.

Consider the material in your hands. Two superimposed sheets of a very brittle and fickle material like

glass, and a little needle-like steel tool that can cut and curve the upper opal. The process from first to last is illustrated by the row of plaques at the bottom of this page in five different stages of progress. First you get the pure white surface. Then Mr. Woodall sketches on it the particular design he means to follow, and then he begins cutting and carving until he evolves from his mass of pure white opal a picture of lights and shadows, positive blacks and positive whites.

And how infinitely greater is the labour expended on these plaques of Mr. Woodall's than on the cameos of an earlier age, cut in stone! An inch or two at most, they were as nothing compared with the eighteen-inch diametered circles of Mr. Woodall's plaques; there were no bubbles to encounter; the stone was delicate; but having once cut the surface and got some idea of the consistency of the medium on which he was working, the artist felt secure of his ground. Therefore, there is nothing surprising in the fact that Mr. Woodall will spend one year, two years, or even three years (according to its elaborateness) on one of those beautiful glass pictures which he alone can turn out in all their simple intricacy; and for that reason his work will always be expensive, for connoisseurs will gladly give £1000 to £1500 for a good specimen of his work.

Take, for example, his elaborate picture of the Moorish bathers, with its extraordinary delicacy, all evolved from a dead plane surface. In the distance you see elaborate arabesque ornamentation of the Palace, standing out clearly against the sky. Its slender columns, in



GEORGE WOODALL.

retreating perspective, are carved out with patient care. The trees that wave round it are to the very life. In the foreground you see the clear pool, the opal glass standing out limpid against the dark chocolate as if there were a world of mysterious depths. One false stroke and the whole might be ruined. But Mr. Woodall has on this occasion been peculiarly successful, as you will see when you come to the figures of the bathers, clad in clinging draperies as beautifully true as if they could start out from their glassy frame and wake into life. Note the figure in the water, half visible, half hidden—and by what?—

merely a thousandth fraction of an inch of material, though you would think she was immersed in a real pool of sparkling water. The border alone, with its elaborate minutiae of detail, represents a world of patient work, ever on the point of destruction during its progress by reason of the extreme fickleness of the medium in which he works.



CLEOPATRA.

Small wonder that Mr. Woodall spent more than a year over this masterpiece, which is a marvel of intricate detail brought to a successful issue after a world of anxious care.

The general result is a striking picture of wonderful delicacy, which is but feebly indicated by its reproduction here in black and white, for one misses the tender touches of the artist. Mr. Woodall has adopted bolder lines in picturing Cleopatra, fanned by a slave, with the soldier standing, spear in hand, listening to the musician holding the lyre of ancient Egypt.

His work made a deep impression at the great Exhibition at Chicago six years ago, and since that time, under the fostering care of Phillips's, it has become known to a widening circle of enthusiastic collectors in this country. Indeed, Mr. Woodall cannot work fast enough to satisfy the demand for his treasures. Thus, in the exhibiting of his more famous pieces at Phillips's, he has had to fall back on many collectors who have bought his plaques—among them the Dowager Lady Jenner (who possesses an exceptionally fine vase of his showing a dancing-girl) and Mr. H. C. Ash, who is one of Mr. Woodall's greatest admirers. For, of course, his method is applicable not merely to flat surfaces, but to any surface whatever to which glass can be fashioned. Thus he could make a map of the world, figuring out the continents and the great seas on a crystal globe. That, indeed, if one may venture the suggestion, would be an admirable subject for Mr. Woodall to tackle, and he may yet be tempted to try.

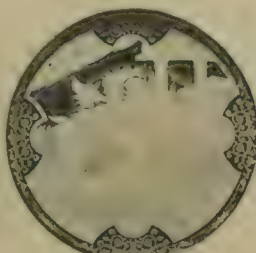
His studio, his tools, his material—all are of the simplest kind. Given a surface of opal-covered glass, and given that delicate looking little needle—delicate, yet invincible in its power to cut and carve—the patient artist fashions his glaring white smooth surface to the form that his fancy compels his keen eye and his trained hand to manipulate his needle. His is not an art that can evolve the picture while you wait. It is not sensational at any given moment to the untrained spectator; for after watching Mr. Woodall for an hour, he seems to make very little progress. But precisely for that reason is he worth watching, both for his own exhibition of patient art and for the memories it brings of a day that can never return. And his studio for the nonce is different from that at busy Stourbridge, for he works at Phillips's in Mount Street, where he cannot but be spurred to the highest achievement by the wonderful collection around him of all that is best and most beautiful in the potter's and the glass-worker's ancient art from first to last.



THE PLAIN WHITE PLAQUE.



FIRST STAGE.



SECOND STAGE.



THIRD STAGE.



FINISHED.

THE CARVING OF A CAMEO ON TORTOISESHELL GLASS FROM FIRST TO LAST.

LADIES' PAGES.

DRESS.

Did not worked havoc indeed on the gowns that went by road to the Derby and the Oaks. Red parasols seemed to have been taken with almost one consent, but they were painful under the glare of the first summer days of the year. The Duchess of York wore black cloth trimmed very handsomely with white lace and passementerie, and her hat was decorated with black and white feathers. The Duchess of Connaught was in the popular shade of pale fawn, and the Duchess of Devonshire appeared in the equally favoured delicate grey, with a definite bonnet of roses—not a toque. Mauve was much worn in the royal stand, Lady Suffield, among others, being dressed in one shade of it, from the dainty tulle toque to the lace hem of the skirt. Lily Duchess of Marlborough, whose house is within comfortable driving distance of the course, had a large party with her, and looked handsome in white, with a large black hat.

It is difficult to dress in this ever uncertain climate, and hence the Ascot dresses that the great houses are responsible for making are of a varied description. Who can tell if we should not shiver, blue and writhed, in an east wind if we had only muslins, or swelter in the sun if we took nothing but cloth or cashmere? But the chill and damp are always the best provided for by people who know their climate, and the supple weaves and dainty colours of cloth at present make it presentable on the smartest occasions. The new finish that is called pastel, done in the manufacture, makes cloth like chamois leather both in suppleness and surface. Black is smart in this face-cloth, and a handsome gown is prepared in it with white lace motifs incrustated on by jet embroideries at the front of the bodice and round the edge of the tunic. A mauve cloth has a very similar trimming of black lace in detached patterns fixed on with steel and crystal embroideries on the cloth.

Silks of the softer order also have many adherents. Satin-faced foulard is a delightful material, so glossy, yet so softly draping and cool in wear. Foulard and cloth are often seen mixed on one gown, large appliqué of the soft figured silk decorating both skirt and bodice, or passing in a long band down the fronts of the redingote or Princess polonaise that is so popular a style. One polonaise seen was in fawn fine cloth, cut down at the top pinafore-fashion, and up in a pointed shape at the foot, showing an under-dress of cream and blue-figured foulard; the polonaise was laced over buttons at both sides, all the way down under the arms, and was supported over the shoulders above the yoke of foulard by three straps on each side of very narrow fawn velvet ribbon. Muslin and foulard are also combined. An empiement of embroidered white-muslin headed a bolero of red and white foulard with lace between its edges; the tunic was of muslin embroidered

round the edge, worn over a full skirt of red and white foulard. A muslin dress fitting the figure very closely was supplied with a zouave bodice in white silk, the edges



A STYLISH CLOTH DRESS.

turned back with lace; it was slit up at the back nearly to the shoulders, and showed a deep belt of lilac silk, which narrowed to almost nothing at the front of the bodice.

A handsome Ascot gown is in voile of a delicate brown tone over crêpe-de-chine of a pronounced gold, laid in an infinity of tiny tucks for underskirt, small vest, and tops of the sleeves; gold cord is twisted for trimming round the edges of the voile overdress where it meets the crêpe. A primrose gauze over satin of the same colour shows the richness of the lining by being cut away in "curly cues" all down the skirt, the junction of each fastened with a large enamel and gold button; the blouse front of the bodice is fastened in a similar way, a yoke and a graceful mass of chiffonerie of white lace at the throat relieving the masses of gold-colour. A muslin in a dimity pattern ventures into company with white satin embroidered with silver, this more gorgeous material visible only as a very deep yoke back and front, and a panel down one side whence the muslin is turned back with white lace. An original gown of white tulle flowered with chené bouquets is made tunic-form in front over a lace underskirt, the back flounced in a myriad of fluffy little flounces up the back to the point where it meets the skin-tight short back of the tunic.

A gown in grey of the tenderest of shades was made with a tunic edged with three rippling flounces below the knee over a plain under-flounce of wider dimensions; the rest of the tunic was plain, but the bolero bodice opened down to the waist over a pleating of white chiffon, and was cut right away down to the bust to show the same folds; white satin ribbon embroideries decorated in three rows the edges of the voile against the silk, and also the tops of the sleeves. A blouse-bodice of blue silk simply covered all over with tiniest tucks stitched in white accompanied a blue tulle skirt appliqué with white lace motifs, and cut away near the feet in front to show a white lace insertion to match.

Muslin gowns are made up evidently without the least view to their being cleaned; for rows upon rows of the narrowest possible velvet ribbon adorn them, black being most often used on white muslin, but other colours come in to match the spots, or sprigs, or flowers if the muslin be not a perfectly plain one, but figured with some colour. In this guise of a thing to be worn and done with, the "simple muslin gown" of the romantic novelist becomes something that for extravagance is not easily beaten, always allowing for the embroideries and lace insertions that it will have in its composition before it can be held to be presentable in fashionable circles.

Stylish dresses in cloth and tulle respectively are seen in our illustrations. The tulle is an ideal fête-gown, with its lace yoke and frills finishing the bands of

(Continued on page 850.)

THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY,

Show-Rooms: **112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.** (ADJOINING STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.) LTD.,

SUPPLY THE PUBLIC DIRECT AT MERCHANTS' CASH PRICES, SAVING PURCHASERS FROM 25 TO 50 PER CENT.

WEDDING

PRESENTS.



Fine Diamond Rings, from £5 to £500.

ENGAGEMENT

RINGS.

Moderate Prices.



Fine Diamond Brooches, from £5 to £5000.

ALL DIAMONDS ARE OF THE PUREST WATER, AND GUARANTEED TO BE ABSOLUTELY PERFECT

THE GOLDSMITHS COMPANY, 112, REGENT ST., W.

Invite inspection of their magnificent Stock of Loose Gems, Diamond Ornaments, &c., which is the finest in the World.

All Goods are marked in plain figures for cash, without discount, and sold direct to the Public at Merchants' Cash Prices, thus saving to Purchasers all intermediate profits.

GOLDSMITHS COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, W.

Bridal Gifts.

SPECIAL DESIGNS FREE.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

"The Goldsmiths Company's Catalogue is a most admirable produced guide-book to the art of buying Jewellery, &c., of the finest quality at moderate prices, and every lady should send for a copy, which will be supplied gratis."—*Lady's Pictorial*.

GOLDSMITHS COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, W.

The Goldsmiths Company, conducting their business, both in buying and selling for Cash, are enabled to give Purchasers greater advantages over houses offering long credit—a system entailing high prices and bad debts, for which Cash Buyers have to compensate

Fine Diamond and Pearl Brooches, from £5 to £500.

Fine Diamond Tiaras and Aigrettes, from £20 to £40,000.

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY, Ltd., 112, REGENT ST., LONDON, W. (ADJOINING STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.)

Telephone: 3729.

(THE GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, Ltd. (A. B. Savory & Sons), late of Cornhill, E.C., is transferred to this Company.)

Adjoining Stereoscopic Company. Telegrams: "Argemnon, London."

Designers and Manufacturers of
DIAMOND TIARAS

DIAMOND RINGS**DIAMOND BROOCHES****DIAMOND NECKLACES****DIAMOND AIGRETTES****DIAMOND AND PEARL ORNAMENTS****PEARL NECKLACES**
From £10 to £10,000.

New
Illustrated Catalogue
Post Free.

GOODS FORWARDED TO THE COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.

GOLDSMITHS COMPANY, 112, REGENT ST., W. (ADJOINING STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.)

AN ARTISTIC INVASION OF FRANCE.

MESSRS. WARING AND GILLOW TAKE PARIS BY STORM.



A DRAWING-ROOM BY WARINGS.

ENGLISH Decorative Art has suddenly become the rage in Paris. For some little time past the Continent has exhibited considerable interest in the Decorative Renaissance of which Waring and Gillow are not only the leading exponents, but are *facillime principes*; and a number of important orders have been placed with this apparently ubiquitous firm, which, at the present moment, is carrying out furnishing and decorating contracts on its own special artistic lines in Egypt, Germany, Russia, France, and South Africa—all in addition to its vast and rapidly expanding business at home. A further stimulus will be given to its progress by the opening of a Paris branch, which has become necessary through the rapid growth of its French connection. This branch, situated at the corner of the Boulevard Haussmann and the Rue Gluck, was formally opened on the Queen's birthday, and has created quite a sensation among the artistic Parisians.

At a private view, held previously, half the rank and fashion of the gay capital were present. Only a few of the names can be given here

St. Maurice, Vicomte de Fleurieu, Vicomtesse de Lespinasse, Baron de Rameuf, Baronne de Ruble, Sir Edward Sassoon, Baronne de Fleou, Comte de Nergennes, Comte and Comtesse de Lagarde, Comte and Comtesse Recope, Comte Grolier, Comte de la Garde, Baronne de la Plénière, Comte de Kothres, Baronne Jean de Neuville, Madame Carnot, Comte de Zogheb, Vicomtesse de Macedo, Comte de Liedekerke Beaufort, Baronne de Taisne, Baronne de Pfeffel, Comtesse Molitor, Vicomte and Vicomtesse Molitor, Duchesse de Gadagne, Comte J. Meunier de Tousse, Comte d'Arnilly, Comtesse de Planet, Baron de St. Blancard St. Victor, etc. Expressions of delight were heard on every hand. The way in which the premises have been fitted up, so unlike an ordinary show-room, filled everyone with a gratified astonishment.

The object of Messrs. Waring has been to show the inhabitants of Paris a model suite of rooms, perfect in everything that pertains to their furnishing and decoration. The effect produced on entering the building is almost magical, the visitor at once making his way into a reproduction of an Elizabethan hall, treated in oak, from which he approaches the *entresol* by means of a richly ornamented staircase of the same elaborate and impressive style. The vestibule at the top of the staircase is adapted either for a lounge or a smoking-room. It is a very light and cheerful apartment, being panelled in ivory white in the Jacobean style, the necessary warmth and contrast being produced by a rich red carpet and frieze of the same colour. Through the inner vestibule the drawing-room is reached, an extremely delicate example of the Adams period, with a ceiling decorated in relief after one of the designs of Angelica Kauffmann. A quaint urn-shaped grate of an eighteenth-century pattern gives a certain amount of character to this beautiful interior. The wall is treated with silk panels of rose colour, enclosed in delicate fresco ornamentation. There is a dining-room in the later development of the Renaissance style, with which the name of Waring is particularly associated. The furniture, the mantelpiece, and the panelling of this room are all in fumed oak—the fireplace being a quaint design in copper, recalling the models of the early part of the last century. The colour-scheme employed in carpet, curtain, and frieze is a lilac-leaf green shade, which harmonises extremely well with the hues of the



DRAWING-ROOM INTERIOR BY WARINGS.

out of a list numbering many hundreds, but these will serve to show the important character of the *personnel* attracted by Messrs. Waring's invitation. The guests included Baronne van-Loo, Comte de Suguy, Baron d'Esneval, Marquis de Valero, his Excellency J. Canevaro, Comte Fernand de Rouge, Comte de la Mazolière, Comte de Longueville, Comte d'Formou, Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld, Comte and Comtesse de Pourtales, Comtesse la Barroi, Comte and Comtesse Angelo, Comte de Miranda, Duc de Trevis, Comtesse la Persute, his Excellency the British Ambassador and Lady Monson, his Excellency the Ambassador of the United States and Mrs. Porter, Madame Berenger, Madame la Comtesse d'Albignac, Vicomte de Monte Richard, the Ambassador of Roumania, Madame Marquise de Maubon, Marquis de

oak and copper. There are, in addition, a charmingly fitted bed-room, which was most generally admired at the private view; a bath-room after the latest English models; and a library fitted with inlaid mahogany in the Sheraton style, with an angle-nook and a cushioned window-seat. The nursery, in white and green, with a very pretty frieze painted with elves, and birds, and flowers, gives an air of domesticity to the whole suite. The general character of all these rooms is indicative of the resourcefulness of Messrs. Waring's studio, which is probably unrivalled in the world in connection with the decorative business.

There can be no question that the establishment of this Paris branch marks an era in the development of the English Decorative Renaissance. As already pointed out, the Continent is taking up English designs with eagerness, and in Russia and Germany, as well as in France, Messrs. Waring are securing many important orders. The significance of this movement cannot be overestimated. Until recently, the Continent, and especially Paris, had "cold-shouldered" the English school of decoration. Messrs. Waring have changed *tout cela*, and French artists are as loud as everyone else in their praise of the newcomers; so much so, that the progress of the firm on the Continent promises to become a veritable triumph.



ELIZABETHAN HALL AT WARING'S PARIS PREMISES.

the silk, while a large motif in lace is appliqué to the front of the skirt. The cloth dress is strapped and trimmed with lace laid on flat, and worn with a floral toque.

NOTES.

Princess Christian has been indefatigable in her efforts this season to prevent the absence from Society of the Princess of Wales being felt any more than is inevitable; and in special gratitude for this and in recognition of all H.R.H.'s constant goodness and kindness, the public will no doubt gladly flock to support the enterprise in which the Princess most specially interests herself—the Royal School of Art Needlework—which holds its annual summer sale at South Kensington on June 19 and two following days. The Princess sells in person on these occasions, and not only the admirable needlecraft of the institution is for disposal, but antique furniture and china are sold for the school's benefit. There is always a fashionable crowd at these annual sales.

Mrs. Wynford Phillips called a meeting at the Women's Institute in Grosvenor Crescent, of which she is the presiding spirit, to protest against the proposed exclusion of women from the offices of alderman and councillor on the new "Councils" that are to be introduced in place of vestries in London. Why women should wish to be members of such bodies is a puzzle, for the pettiness, ill-breeding, and disorderliness of vestrydom is notorious in London. The true note was struck at a meeting of women, all "Friends," and also occupying some public unpaid position, members of School Boards, Boards of Guardians, and the like, held at the old Meeting-House in Bishopsgate. Their resolution declared it to be "the duty of the House of Commons to leave the electors a free choice of public servants, and to give to women full scope for honourable unpaid work." It is for the public good that capable women, educated, refined, and possessed of leisure, should be allowed to serve their generation on elective bodies when the electors are convinced that those women are the most suitable persons they can return; to speak of it as an advantage to the women elected—a "woman's right"—is to mistake the case. Lady Frances Balfour, Sir Arthur Arnold, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and Canon Scott Holland were amongst the speakers at the Women's Institute.

So much capable organising and managing is done by ladies so very quietly that the world hardly realises how much the poorer it would be if all the good women serving others for pure love of poor humanity were to cease their efforts. I have felt this strongly in connection with the death of Miss Agnes Cotton, which has passed almost unnoticed by the public, yet for thirty-five years past her wealth and her energy were successfully consecrated to the help and salvation of a most helpless and miserable class, and hundreds of girls now living good, respectable, and happy lives have to thank her wisdom and benevolence. She was the youngest daughter of Mr. William

Cotton, Governor of the Bank of England, and Lord Justice Cotton was one of her brothers. Her parents and brothers built and endowed several churches.

It is well known that the State now provides industrial schools for all classes of children exposed by the wickedness or neglect of their natural guardians to evil influences; but when Agnes Cotton opened, in 1865, the "Home of the Good Shepherd," with the motto, "Lovest thou Me? Feed My Lambs," there was no other refuge available. From that date to the day of her death, which occurred last month at the age of seventy-one, Miss Cotton had lived in the home with successive generations of unhappy children brought to her from various sources, and almost single-handed exerted an influence and gave a training that saved hundred of lives. For instance, the building of the home cost £12,000, of which only £1000 was subscribed by outside friends, £1000 was a legacy from a member of the Cotton family, and the remainder was provided from the foundress's own fortune. She had, during thirty-five years, maintained forty girls always in the home, of whom the great majority have forgotten their own sad early years and done well in respectable ways.

Miss Florence Nightingale is as old as the Queen, and has just, therefore, passed her eightieth birthday. How appropriate would some distinguished honour, such as a peerage, be for this great woman from the hands of her Sovereign.

Now that the summer has set in abruptly, and tennis-parties and cycling and other open-air exercises are at last seasonable, the hostess's problem of what to drink is urgent once more. The latest idea is to substitute for drinks that are merely fluid one that is at once sustaining and refreshing—to wit, Cadbury's cocoa, which is perfectly pure and unadulterated, and therefore does not thicken in the cup, and can be taken as freely as desired without the fear of nerve troubles that tea implies. Afternoon cocoa is an excellent institution—only it must not be a common starch-thickened preparation, but genuine Cadbury's, to be satisfactory.

FLORENA.

The principal delight of cycling is experienced in a holiday tour; but nothing is more annoying while on tour than to have mishaps to tyres. It behoves the tourist to see beforehand that his machine is thoroughly reliable and in good order, and that it is fitted with reliable tyres such as the Dunlop Multiflex Tyres, which have proved themselves satisfactory, and are far and away the most popular among all classes. The "Juno" safety bicycles, tandems, and tricycles are growing in public favour. The West-End show-rooms are in Piccadilly Circus; and to the City warehouse in Bishopsgate Street Without is attached a "Juno" cycle riding-school.



A HANDSOME GOWN IN TAFFETAS.

Mappin & Webb's

(Ltd.)

ILLUSTRATED
PRICE LISTS POST
FREE.

STERLING SILVER AND "PRINCE'S PLATE" (Regd. 71,552.)

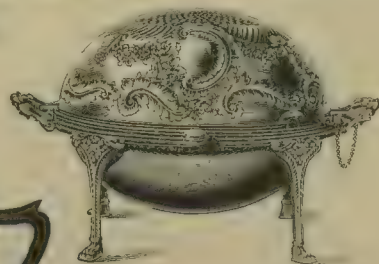
GOODS SENT TO THE
COUNTRY
ON APPROVAL.



Richly Chased and Fluted Table Candlesticks.
sterling silver. Prince's Plate.
7 in. ... £5 10 0 ... £3 3 0
10 " ... 8 0 0 ... 4 4 0
13 " ... 12 0 0 ... 5 15 0



Registered Design. Very Richly Chased Tea and Coffee Service, Ebony Handles and Knobs.
sterling silver. Prince's Plate.
24 pints Coffee-Pot ... £15 0 0 ... £6 0 0
2 " Tea-Pot ... 12 15 0 ... 5 10 0
2 " Kettle and Stand ... 22 0 0 ... 9 0 0
Sugar-Basin ... sterling silver. Prince's Plate.
Cream-Jug ... 5 15 0 ... 3 8 0
Tea and Coffee Service ... 42 0 0 ... 18 18 0



Soup Tureen, Richly Chased in Style of Louis XV. with Revolving Cover, loose Inner Dish and Drainer.
10 in., £10; 12 in., £12.

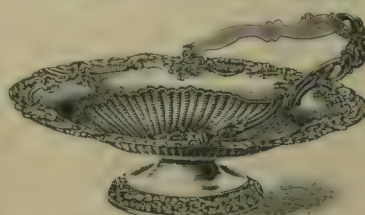
The Public supplied by the
Actual Makers at Manufacturers'
Wholesale Cash Prices.



Silver-Plated Dessert-Bowl, Richly Chased and Pierced, 12 in. long, £9 10s.



Sugar-Bowl, in Fine China, decorated in Gold on Blue, Amber, or Crimson body, with handsome Sterling Silver Mounts, £1 15s.



Cake-Jacket, Richly Chased, in Style of Louis XV. Prince's Plate, £5. In Sterling Silver, £11 15s.



Sterling Silver Salver, Richly Chased, in Style of Louis XV.

8 in. ... £7 15 0 | 12 in. ... £13 10 0
10 " ... 10 15 0 | 14 " ... 16 16 0
16 in. ... £20 0 0

2, QUEEN VICTORIA
(FACING THE MANSION HOUSE.)

ST., E.C.; & 158 TO 162, OXFORD ST., W.
MANUFACTORY AND SHOW-ROOMS: THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK ST., SHEFFIELD.

CADBURY'S COCOA



"AFTERNOON COCOA."

In enervating Summer weather something more is required than a drink that is only temporarily refreshing. CADBURY'S COCOA undoubtedly supplies the need—being a delicious, refreshing beverage; thin in fluid, highly nutritious, and most sustaining—repairing waste resulting from oppressive heat. It is a perfect drink and food combined.

CADBURY'S is the ideal beverage for all times and seasons. It is absolutely Pure, therefore the Best Cocoa.



VERENA.

Fashionable Accordion Silk Brilliant Slip Blouse, in every Shade, with pretty transparent Lace Yoke, &c. Price 19s. 6d.

PETER ROBINSON,
OXFORD ST. Ltd.,

"ACCIDENTS AND AILMENTS."

THE

ELLIMAN

First Aid Book

ILLUSTRATED.

PAGES.

PART I. HORSES	-	12-76
PART II. DOGS	-	77-112
PART III. BIRDS	-	113-130
PART IV. CATTLE	-	131-170

A MASTER OF HOUNDS writes—

"The book is full of valuable information and advice, and it cannot fail to be of great service."

T. L. P., Croydon, New South Wales, writes—

"I think highly of the book, which is concise and to the point."

"THE information contained in 'Accidents and Ailments' is offered as likely to be of assistance in the treatment of such Animals as are indicated by the Title Page, in some instances probably ensuring a complete cure, or at all events a reduction of diseases and alleviation of injuries. Such treatment will be more effectual, through the proper mode of application of Elliman's Embrocation being known, and in these pages treatment is rendered clearer than is possible in a paper of directions wrapped round a bottle.

"It will be apparent that Elliman's Embrocation is not recommended as the sole and exclusive treatment necessary in every case. The decision as to what cases require the services of a Veterinary Surgeon must be left to the discretion of the Owner of the Animal.

"The one aim of the Book is to treat of Ailments where Elliman's Embrocation can be usefully employed, and to offer other information which may be of service."

OWNERS OF ANIMALS

Can have a cloth-bound copy sent post free upon receipt of sixpence and a legible address, or the LABEL from a wrapper of a 2s., 2s. 6d., or 3s. 6d. Bottle of ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION would secure a copy post free.

OWNERS OF DOGS-BIRDS can have PARTS II.-III. apart from COMPLETE BOOK free.

PUBLISHED BY

ELLIMAN, SONS, and CO., Slough, England.





WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

BROOKE'S

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

MONKEY BRAND

SOAP

FOR KITCHEN TABLES AND FLOORS, LINOLEUM AND OILCLOTHS.

For Polishing Metals, Marble, Paint, Cutlery, Crockery, Machinery, Baths, Stair-Rods.

FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE-IRONS, MANTELS, &c.

REMOVES DUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

Henry Cecil de la Montagu Hill, the executors, the value of the estate being £51,610. The testator gives £150 to Mrs. Margaret Atkinson; £100 to the Hon. Mrs. M. Hunter; annuities of £50 each to Madame de Kries and Frederick William Woodall; an annuity of £200 to Countess de Schlippenbach; an annuity of £200 to his man, Martin Doulon; and gifts to relatives and servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his sister-in-law, Emma Grace Hill, for life or widowhood, and subject thereto as to one third thereof, upon trust, for his niece, Florence Assheton Digby, and two thirds, upon trust, for his nephews Henry de la Montagu Hill and Gustavus Charles Eustacio Pierre Hill.

The will (dated April 2, 1892) of General George William Powlett-Bingham, C.B., J.P., D.L., of The Vines, Rochester, who died on March 25, was proved on May 26 by Major-General Edward Tanner, C.B., Robert Maxwell Hyslop, and the Rev. Henry Bingham Stevens, the executors, the value of the estate being £35,665. The testator bequeaths £200, and an annuity of £300 during widowhood, to his wife, Ada Emma Bingham, and legacies to his butler and gardener. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for all his children, and the issue of any deceased child, the children of his deceased daughter Mrs. Hyslop to bring into account the sum of £5000.

The will (dated Dec. 31, 1898) of Mrs. Eleanor Seton-Karr, of Atherton Grange, Wimbledon, widow of the late George Berkeley Seton-Karr, of the Indian Civil Service, who died on April 13, was proved on May 24 by Henry

Seton-Karr, the son, and William Francis Fladgate, the executors, the value of the estate being £43,775. The testatrix gives £100 each to Miss Jane Pancourt and the Rev. Edward William Moore; £5000 to the trustees of a settlement executed in favour of her son Henry, his wife and children; £4000 each to her daughters and her son Hayward; £300 to her daughter Eleanor; her furniture and household effects, carriages and horses, to her daughters; £500 each to her grandchildren; £50 each to her executors; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves between all her children, her son Henry and daughter Mary bringing into account certain sums appointed to them.

The will and two codicils of General Sir Charles George Arbuthnot, G.C.B., of 14, Dynevor Gardens, Richmond, who died on April 14, were proved on May 23 by Lieutenant-Colonel James Alleyne Clarke and Dame Caroline Charlotte Arbuthnot, the widow, the executors, the value of the estate being £14,967. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and at her death or remarriage between all his children.

The will of General Sir John Field, K.C.B., of Epsom Road, Guildford, who died on April 16, was proved on May 30 by Miss Gertrude Ella Faure Field, the daughter, and Admiral Edward Field, C.B., the brother, the executors, the value of the estate being £3118.

The will of Sir Charles Edward Nairne, K.C.B., of the Hotel Windsor, Victoria Street, who died on Feb. 19, was proved on May 23 by William Cumin Scott, the surviving

executor, the value of the estate being £13,043. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then, upon further trusts, for his daughter, Helen Evelyn Nairne.

The will of the Hon. Sir Julius Vogel, K.C.M.G., of Hillersdon, East Molesey, who died on March 12, was proved on May 31 by Dame Mary Vogel, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £178 5s. 9d.

The will of Sir Louis Addin Kershaw, of 3, Hare Court, Temple, Chief Justice of Bombay, who died on Feb. 17, was proved on May 27 by Dame Helen Teresa Kershaw, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £2908.

The will of Sir William Webb Hayward, of Rochester, who died on March 18, was proved on May 31 by Morton William Smith and Frederick Francis Smith, the nephews, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £4033.

At the annual official visitation of the Royal Observatory in Greenwich Park, on Saturday, the completion of the large new buildings, the central tower, and the wings, commenced in 1891, also the new pavilion for magnetic observations, at a distance sufficient to prevent their being disturbed by the iron, copper, and other metals of the powerful astronomical apparatus, came in for special commendation. Sir Norman Lockyer, Sir G. G. Stokes, Sir R. Ball, Lord Rosse, Professor Adams, and other distinguished men of science were present.

TO LARGE CONSUMERS OF TEA, PROPRIETORS OF HOTELS, &c.

THE Directors of the UNITED KINGDOM TEA CO., LTD., 21, Mincing Lane, London, ask the favour of special attention to the exceptional facilities afforded by the Company for obtaining Tea of the Highest Quality Direct from the Growers at Market Prices, which are about one-third less than usually charged by Retailers. Thousands of Chests kept in stock, including nearly every kind of Tea grown from the Choicest Gardens and Plantations, and comprising numberless varieties of flavour and aroma. Samples and Book about Tea sent free.



A VERY
ECHO OF
NATURE.

Mülhens' Rhine Violets
TRADE MARK
Distilled from freshly gathered Rhine Violets.

INSIST UPON

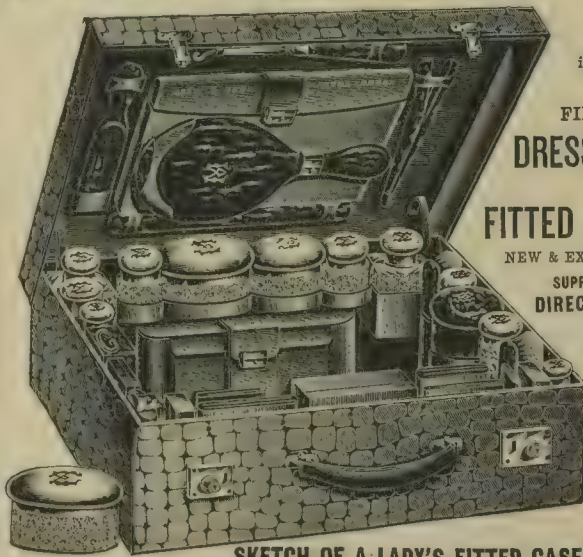
MÜLHENS' "RHINE VIOLETS"

And see that FERRI, MÜLHENS' name is on every bottle. 3/-, 5/6, 9/-, 20/- per Bottle. "Rhine Violet" Sachets, 2/6 each. "Rhine Violet" Soap, 2/6 per Tablet, or 7/- per Box of 3 Tablets.

Of most Dealers in first-class Perfumes, or from

"4711" Depot, 62, NEW BOND STREET, W.

DREW & SONS, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.



SPECIALISTS
in the Manufacture
of the

FINEST QUALITY

DRESSING BAGS

AND

FITTED CASES,

NEW & EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS.

SUPPLYING PURCHASERS

DIRECT FROM THEIR OWN
FACTORY, SAVING
ALL INTERMEDIATE
PROFITS.

THE LARGEST
& FINEST STOCK
IN LONDON TO
SELECT FROM.

Customers' Own
Fittings Adapted
when desired.

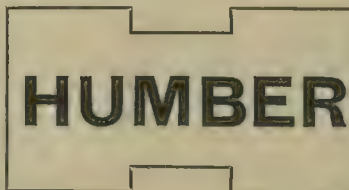
Designs & Estimates
Free on Appli-
cation.

SKETCH OF A LADY'S FITTED CASE,

Recently Designed and Manufactured throughout by DREW & SONS,
for Wedding Presentation.

DREW & SONS, Actual Patent "EN ROUTE" TEA PATENT
Makers of AND LUNCHEON BASKETS WOOD FIBRE TRUNKS.

BEESTON



FROM

£23.

WRITE FOR LIST.



32, HOLBORN

VIADUCT, E.C.

HITCHING'S GOLD MEDAL BABY CARS



LONDON { REGENT HOUSE, REGENT ST., W.
29, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.
28, ST. GEORGE'S PLACE,
HYDE PARK CORNER.

WORKS { DUKE STREET, LIVERPOOL.
LUDGATE SQUARE, LONDON.

LIVERPOOL { 165-167, DUKE STREET.
74, BOLD STREET.

BANKERS { CITY BANK, Ltd.
CAPITAL AND COUNTIES BANK.

HITCHINGS, Ltd., are the Premier Manufacturers of High Grade Baby Carriages in the World, having special facilities for the supply of High Grade Carriages at the Lowest Prices.

BABY CARRIAGES,

From 2 to 25 Guineas.

BABY CARS,

From 15/6 to 10 Guineas.

PICTORIAL SHEETS POST FREE.

Telegrams: "HITCHING, LONDON."

Telephone: "2543, GERRARD."

WATER ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM DISEASE GERMS THE BERKEFELD FILTER

Price of Filter H, as
Sketch, 42s.
Smaller Size, F, 30s.
Glass and Earthenware
Table Filters, from 8s. 9d.

IN USE IN THE
PRINCIPAL HOSPITALS.



Can be easily and cheaply
fitted to the Service Pipe
of any House having
ordinary pressure.

FITTED IN LONDON BY OWN
PLUMBERS AT COST PRICE.

Patent for the use of the Berkefeld Filter in the United Kingdom and in the Colonies, granted to the Berkefeld Filter Co., Ltd., by the Registrar of Patents, London, on the 10th day of June, 1889.

Experiments were conducted with the Filter H, an excellent model, which seems to subvert the functions of a filter better than any we have ever seen. The results show that there is no reason why such filters should not be supplied with water for all houses. The Berkefeld Filters afford complete protection against the contamination of water-borne disease.

Full Illustrated Price List and Testimonials free on application.
VISIT TO SHOW-ROOM INVITED.

Offices and Show-rooms—THE BERKEFELD FILTER CO., LTD., 121, Oxford St., London, W.
City Depot—SCHACHT, WARNER, and CO., 55, Fore Street, E.C.

PHILLIPS'S

Ltd.



Her Majesty's Potters and Glass Manufacturers,
17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22,
MOUNT STREET,
GROSVENOR SQUARE,
AND
27, CANNON ST., E.C.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

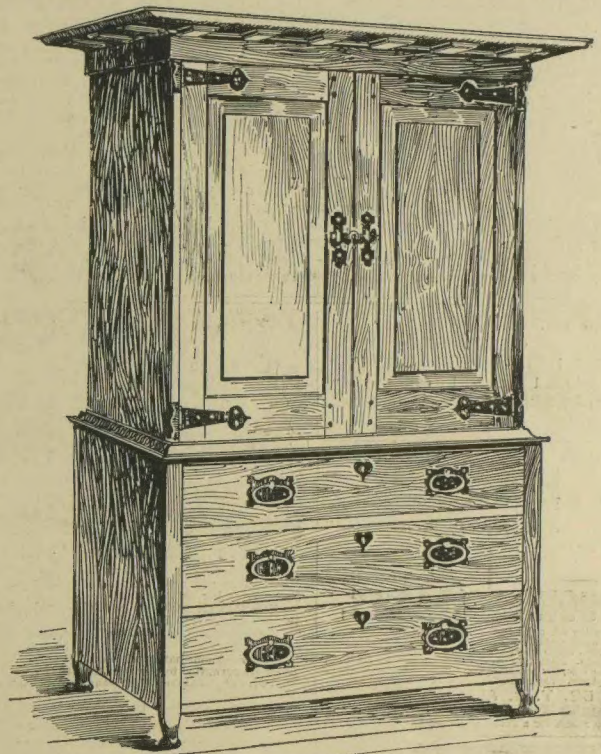
BREAKFAST SETS.
LUNCHEON SETS.
DINNER SETS.
DESSERT SETS.
TEA SETS, GLASS SETS.
TOILET SETS.

English Crystal Glass Service.
For 12 Persons, £10 12s. 9d.

English Crystal Flower Vases.
4-in., 6d. 10-in., 1.9. 16-in., 4.6.
6-in., 9d. 12-in., 2.6. 18-in., 6.6.
8-in., 1.7. 14-in., 3.6. 20-in., 9.6.
24-in., 12.6.

Samples of Services on Approval
Carriage Paid.

HEAL & SON'S Bedroom Furniture.



SIMPLE. ARTISTIC. INEXPENSIVE.

New Catalogue of Bedsteads, Bedding, and Bedroom Furniture post free.

195, 197, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.
196, 198,

SOMETHING NEW IN CYCLE CONSTRUCTION.



RIGID.

RAPID.

The FEATURE of this TYPE of FRAME is that it is BUILT up of TRIANGLES. The triangle is the strongest form of frame which can possibly be devised. We are the patentees of this frame, and guarantee it to be

50 PER CENT. STRONGER THAN ANY OTHER MADE.

Send Postcard for Catalogue and all particulars to
THE RALEIGH CYCLE COMPANY, LTD., NOTTINGHAM.
London Depot—41, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

THIS NAME

OLD GOLD

is NEVER on a poor CIGARETTE,
and NEVER ABSENT from a good one.

REMEMBER THE NAME WHEN YOU BUY AGAIN!

AWARDED FIRST PRIZE AT EVERY COMPETITION
(but one) in Great Britain.



ALFA-LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS.

BEWARE
OF IMITATIONS.

USERS SAY THEY PAY FOR THEMSELVES IN SIX MONTHS.
Every "Alfa-Laval" is Guaranteed to perfectly separate the quantity stated, and requires
LESS POWER TO WORK than any other Separator.

Over
380 Medals,
Diplomas,
&c.

HIGHEST CAPACITY COMPATIBLE WITH
CLEANEST SKIMMING.

Over
160,000
Machines
Sold.

PRINCIPAL AGENCIES—

(Full List of Agents will be sent on application.)

Great Britain, Ireland, and British India—
DAIRY SUPPLY CO., Limited, 28, Museum Street,
London, W.C.
Victoria—
J. BARTRAM & SON, King Street, Melbourne.
South Australia—
A. W. SANDFORD & CO., Adelaide.

New South Wales and Queensland—
WAUGH & JOSEPHSON, Sussex Street, Sydney.
New Zealand—
MASON, STRUTHERS & CO., Christchurch.
South Africa—
HOWARD, FARRAR & CO., Port Elizabeth.

AKTIEBOLAGET SEPARATOR,
STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

[Please mention this paper.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Newman, inventor of the electric gun, sends us the following account of his invention, regarding which a good deal of misconception has prevailed: "The model of the gun which I have invented has proved itself to be a deadly, noiseless, and smokeless electrical gun. It weighs 364 lb., and not 7 lb., as has been originally stated in the Press. This model has taken me three years to complete, my first idea to start it being when I was sixteen years of age. It measures about 4 ft. long, the bore of the barrel being 3/4 inch. The most satisfactory experiments have been made with it in the presence of experts. At a distance of half a mile, firing nine projectiles at the rate of three thousand per minute, the target was completely shattered; but, taking a range of three miles and firing three projectiles at the same rate of speed, the top of the target was completely blown away. The speed of projectile travelling through the air is at the rate of ten and a half seconds for three miles, with muzzle velocity of 2640 ft. per second, and not five and a half miles in two seconds, as has already appeared. The projectile is a very important factor of the gun. The model throughout has taken a considerable amount of patience and money. I am now making one on a much larger scale, and which will take yet a very long time to complete—at least twelve months. There are many improvements yet to be made,

but when finished, the gun will weigh about 3 cwt., be 12 ft. long, and possess a special sighting arrangement, which I am devising. I have every confidence, when this is completed, that it will thoroughly eclipse the model gun, and will prove itself, as its name implies, deadly, noiseless, and smokeless. I might mention that I have received several offers, but at present am unable to give any information respecting the amount or having yet declined any offers."

The glories of Ascot Lawn are becoming more and more appreciated as the London and South-Western Company improves the railway service to and from the famous heath. With the station close to the Grand Stand and enclosures, with a rapid succession of quick trains running at convenient hours, Ascot may now be reached with the acme of comfort. The special fast trains leave Waterloo at from 9.30 a.m. to 12.45 each day of the races, the return journeys being made at suitable hours in the afternoon. So that one can lunch at Ascot, see the cream of the racing, and dine with ease in London at an early hour in the evening. To add yet more to the public convenience, the L. and S.W.R. Company arrange that tickets may be bought in advance at any of their London offices.

Every inducement is being offered to Londoners to escape to the seaside during the tropical heat. The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company announce that a new express train for Portsmouth

and the Isle of Wight now leaves London Bridge at 9.40 a.m. every week-day, and is due at Portsmouth at 12.10 p.m. A corresponding express train, with connections from the Isle of Wight, leaves Portsmouth Harbour at 4.40 p.m., and is due in London at 7 p.m. On Mondays a new express train leaves Bognor 7.5 a.m., and Littlehampton 7.37 a.m., and is due in London at 9.24 a.m.

Lord Brassey, the Governor of Victoria, delivered an address to the Chamber of Commerce, at Melbourne, on May 31, on the Navy Estimates for the present year, and compared the material and financial resources of Great Britain and other nations. In concluding his address, Lord Brassey said: "I would wish to leave engraven on your minds unshaken confidence in the united strength of Great Britain and her loyal Colonies. Difficulties and dangers must surround an Empire on which the sun never sets, but while the beat of England's morning drum rolls round the world, let us make it a symbol to all nations, not only of the deeds of valour by which the Empire has been built up, but of the large liberal and aggressive policy which marks our rule." Sir Frederick Sargood moved the hearty thanks of the Chamber to Lord Brassey for his address (the close of which was a cordial panegyric on the Czar for initiating the Peace Congress), and this was carried by acclamation.

HOOPING COUGH.

CROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

THE celebrated effectual cure without internal medicines. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London, where names are engraved on the Government Stamp. Sold by all Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.

D'ALMAINE AND CO.—PIANOS AND ORGANS.

All Improvements. Approved Carriage Free. Easy Terms. 10 years' warranty. Secondhand good Outlets from 7 guineas, iron-framed full richard Pianos from 120 per month. Organs from 5 guineas. Full price paid allowed within three years if exchanged for a higher class instrument.

D'ALMAINE and CO. (Estd. 184 years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. Open till 7. Saturdays, 8.

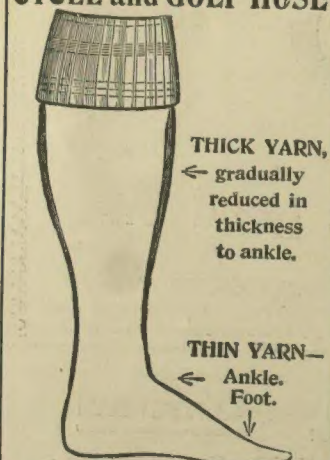
A BOOK FOR LADIES.

The information contained in this book ought to be known by every married woman, and it will not learn the unmarried to read. No book is written which goes so thoroughly into matters relating to married women. Some may think too much is told. Such can surely be the case, for knowledge is power and the means of attaining happiness. The book can be had in envelope from—

DR. T. R. ALLINSON, O Box, 4, Spanish Place, Manchester Sq., London, W., in return for a Postal Order for 1s. 2d.

ASTHMACURE
GRIMAULT'S INDIAN CIGARETTES

Difficulty in Expectoration, Asthma, Nervous Coughs, Catarrh, Sleeplessness and Oppression immediately relieved by these Cigarettes. All Chemists, or Post Free 1s. 3d. WILCOX & CO., 53, Mortimer St., London, W.

CYCLISTS' NOVELTY
BRIGGS' PATENT"The Gradient"
PATENT No. 16995. 1898.
CYCLE and GOLF HOSE

(The black line in above diagram shows the thickening of yarn from the ankle to the calf.)

These Stockings are entirely novel in design and manufacture. They are made with thin feet and ankles; above the ankle the stocking is gradually increased in thickness to the calf; as shown in the diagram. The patent yarn used is spun with a gradual taper; there are no unsightly ridges, as where yarns of different folds and counts are employed; the increase in thickness is quite gradual and imperceptible.

Advantages

1. Thin feet and ankles—can be worn with the neatest fitting shoes.
2. Perfect fit everywhere—improving the shape of the leg.
3. Fulness and support for the calf.
4. Close texture and dust resisting.

If unable to procure these Goods, please apply direct to the PATENTEES & SOLE MANUFACTURERS, ISAAC BRIGGS & SONS, Rutland Mills, WAKEFIELD, who will at once forward the addresses of Retailers and Outfitters who keep them.

Slieve Donard Hotel & Mourne Mountains.
NEWCASTLE.
Co. DOWN.
55 Minutes by Rail from BELFAST

SLIEVE DONARD HOTEL, NEWCASTLE, COUNTY DOWN. (OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR)

NEWCASTLE, County Down, is famous for the beauty of its scenery, the invigorating purity of its air, and for the opportunities which it affords for gratifying holiday tastes, whether touring by Car or Cycle, Mountain Climbing, Bathing, Golfing, or Sketching.

The SLIEVE DONARD HOTEL, owned and managed by the Belfast and County Down Railway Co., contains about 120 Bed-Rooms, with Sitting-Rooms and Bed-Rooms on suite. One of the most attractive features of the establishment are the Baths for Ladies and Gentlemen, which consist of Fresh and Salt Water Baths, Needle, Douche, Spray, Shower, and Turkish Baths.

GOLF.—Immediately adjoining the Hotel are the famous links of the County Down Golf Club. Visitors in the Hotel are permitted to play over the Links at half the ordinary rates of charge.

Through Booking of Passengers from Principal English Stations, via Fleetwood, Liverpool, Barrow, Holyhead, Greenore, or Larne and Stranraer.

For other information and particulars apply to Mr. F. H. Fogg, Manager, Slieve Donard Hotel, Newcastle, Co. Down, or to the JAMES FINION, General Manager.

Belfast and County Down Railway, Queen's Quay, Belfast.

CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE
For Searches and Authentic Information respecting ARMORIAL BEARINGS AND FAMILY DESCENTS.
Also for the Artistic Production of HERALDIC PAINTING, ENGRAVING AND STATIONERY.
Book-Plates Engraved for Illustrating Heraldic Works.
Illustrated Price-List and Samples Free.
25 Visiting Cards and Copper Plate, Gent's, 2s. 8d. Ladies, 3s.
25, CRANBOURNE STREET, LONDON, W.C.

BEAUTIFUL SKIN
Hands and Hair Produced by
Cuticura SOAP

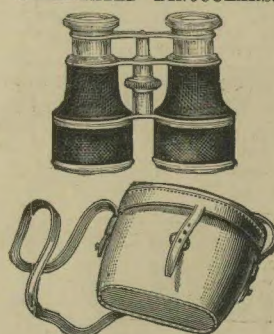
The most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world for face, hands, and hair, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery. Sold throughout the world. British Depot: F. NEWBURY & SONS, London. FORTER D. & C. CO., Sole Props., Boston.

LARGEST MAKERS OF HIGH-CLASS
HOSE IN THE WORLD.

MERRYWEATHER'S
HIGH CLASS
GARDEN HOSE
WHITE OR CALL
63 LONG ACRE, LONDON

SAMPLES AND PRICE LISTS FREE.

THE RACES.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S
CELEBRATED BINOCULARS.

Unrivalled for Power and Definition. In Best Solid Leather Sling Case complete (Black or Brown), Two and Three Glasses and upwards. New Illustrated Price List Free by Post.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA,
Scientific Instrument Makers to the Queen.
38, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.
BRANCHES: 45, Cornhill; 122, Regent Street.

Photography
Up to Date.

KODAK Photography
is the simplest Photography.

KODAK Cameras require no dark room for changing the films.

KODAK Cameras are sold at prices to suit all purses.
£1 1s. to £7 7s.

Illustrated Price List post free.

KODAK, Limited,
SUCCESSIONS TO
EASTMAN Photographic Materials Company, Limited,
43, Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.
Retail Branches: 60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford Street, W.; 17, 17B, Regent Street, W.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Physicians. Post Free. Sent for 13 or 30 penny stamps. MOST VALUABLE.
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

108.—PIANOS for HIRE, 10s. per Month. Tunings free. No Hire charged if purchased in 12 months. The Cheapest House in London for Hire, or on the Three-Year-Sale System, is THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, W.

NO MORE ASTHMA
FROM THIS MOMENT.
Awarded one hundred thousand francs Gold and Silver Medals and admitted by the most distinguished authorities to be unrivalled. Particulars gratis and post free from DR. CLERY, MARSEILLES, FRANCE.

SUÈDE GLOVES.
Perfect Shape and Fit. Paris Make. In all New Shades, including "Mastic." Four Buttons.
SAMPLE PAIR (post free), 1/11. Six Pairs, 10/6.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY,
WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.

Goddard's
Plate Powder

(NON-MERCURIAL).
FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY this Powder has maintained an unrivalled reputation throughout the United Kingdom and Colonies as the BEST and SAFEST Article for CLEANING SILVER and ELECTRO PLATE. Sold in Boxes, 1s. 2d., 6d., and 4d. each, by Grocers, Chemists, Ironmongers, &c.

GODDARD'S FURNITURE CREAM.
For Cleaning and Polishing all kinds of Cabinet Furniture. Sold in bottles, 6d. and 1s. each, by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.
SIX GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.

HOVENDEN'S EASY
HAIR CURLER
PRICE 6/- PER BOX.

They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no skill to use. Made in Five Colours.
12 CURLERS IN BOX. FREE BY POST, 8 STAMPS.
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

Beware of SPURIOUS IMITATIONS, now being sold by Drapers and Others. The Genuine bear our TRADE MARK on the Right-hand Corner of each Label.
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS, BERNERS ST., W. and CITY RD., E.C. LONDON.

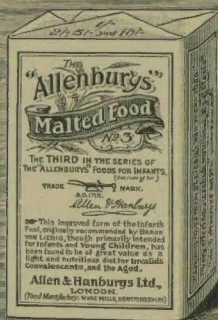
The late Earl of Beaconsfield,
Sir Morell Mackenzie,
Oliver Wendell Holmes,
Miss Emily Faithful,
The late Gen. W. T. Sherman,
and many other persons of distinction have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

HIMROD'S
CURE OF ASTHMA

Established over a quarter of a century. Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an inhalation and without any after effects. A Free Sample and detailed Testimonial free by post. In Tins, 4s. 3d.
British Depot: 45, Holborn Viaduct, London. Also of Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Sons, J. Sawyer & Son, W. Edwards & Son, May, Roberts & Co., Butler & Crisp, John Thompson, Liverpool, & all Wholesale Houses.

"Sanitas" 1/-
PINT BOTTLES
Disinfecting Fluid
COLORLESS FRAGRANT NON-POISONOUS
ALSO POWDER, SOAPS, EMBROCATION, &c.

"Infants fed on this Food are neither fretful nor wakeful"



REVISED LABEL.

THE "Allenburys" Foods

A SUCCESSION OF FOODS WHICH AFFORDS NOURISHMENT SUITED TO THE CHANGING DIGESTIVE POWERS FROM BIRTH UPWARDS

The "Allenburys" Milk Food No 1
The "Allenburys" Milk Food No 2
The "Allenburys" Malted Food No 3

specially adapted to the first three months of life.
similarly adapted to the second three months of life.

Complete Foods, STERILIZED, and needing the addition of hot water only.

hitherto known as "ALLEN & HANBURYS' MALTED FOOD," is adapted to, and has proved all that can be desired for Infants after five or six months of age.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London.

THE No. 4 YOST TYPEWRITER

Learnt More Quickly,	Light Carriage,
Prints Better,	Infallible Pointer,
Writes Faster,	Three Line
Lasts Longer,	Spacings,
Needs Less Repairs,	Beautiful Characters,
Than any other Typewriter on The Market.	Perfect Alignment, Any Width of Margin, and

AN INK SUPPLY GUARANTEED TO LAST SIX MONTHS

CATALOGUE POST FREE.

THE YOST TYPEWRITER CO. LTD.

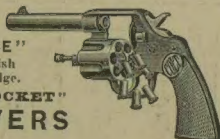
Head Office—

50, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

West-End Branch—

303, OXFORD STREET, W.

COLT'S NEW "SERVICE" .455 Cal. for English Government Cartridge.
NEW "POCKET" REVOLVERS



AND LIGHTNING MAGAZINE RIFLES.

Price Lists Free.
COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MFG CO.,
26, Glasshouse Street, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

LLOYD'S IN TUBES, 1s. 6d. and 3s. each.
THE ORIGINAL EUXESIS FOR EASY SHAVING.

WITHOUT THE USE OF SOAP, WATER, OR BRUSH. The Label of the ORIGINAL and GENUINE Euxesis is printed with Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow Ground, and bears this TRADE MARK—



R. HOVENDEN and SONS, the Proprietors, bought the business, with the receipt, trade-mark, and goodwill, from the Executrix of the late A. S. Lloyd. The genuine is now manufactured ONLY at their Factory.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c.
Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN and SONS, BERNERS STREET, W., and CITY ROAD, E.C.



anoline'
Deriving Brand.

Natural Toilet Preparations.

Toilet 'Anoline,' in collapsible tubes, 6d. & 7s. per tube. Makes rough skins smooth, and protects delicate complexions from wind and sun.

'Anoline' Toilet Soap, 6d. per tablet; 3 in box, 7s. 6d. New & Irritates; cleanses and keeps the skin supple. Wholesale Depot—67, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

ADAMS'S THE OLDEST AND BEST.
"The Queen."—Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—Dec. 22, 1883.
FURNITURE POLISH.
Unequaled for its Brilliance and Cleanliness.
It Cleans, Polishes, and Preserves Furniture, Brown Boots, Patent Leather, and Varnished or Enamelled Goods.
VICTORIA PARK WORKS, SHEFFIELD.



PEARLS, DIAMONDS, ETC.
of Fine Quality, wanted, from £5 to £10,000, for Cash.

SPINK AND SON,
Diamond Merchants and Valuers,
17 & 18, PICCADILLY, W.; AND
1 & 2, GRACECHURCH ST., CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.
ESTABLISHED 1772.

JEWELRY & BROWN'S

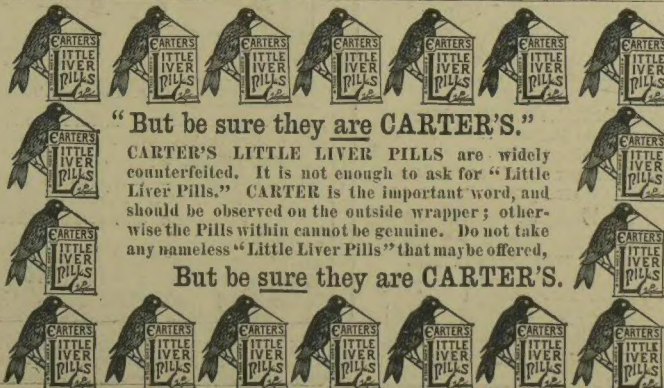
WHITE SOUND TEETH.
FRAGRANT BREATH.
HEALTHY GUMS.



Used in all Countries for OVER 70 YEARS.

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits. The only Genuine is signed "JEWELRY & BROWN."

ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE



"But be sure they are CARTER'S."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are widely counterfeited. It is not enough to ask for "Little Liver Pills." CARTER is the important word, and should be observed on the outside wrapper; otherwise the Pills within cannot be genuine. Do not take any nameless "Little Liver Pills" that may be offered.

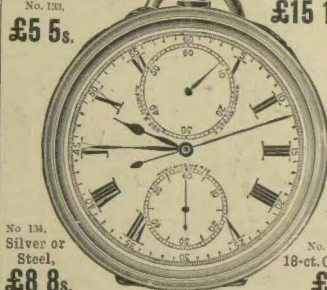
But be sure they are CARTER'S.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.
COCOA
BREAKFAST-SUPPER.

SEEGER'S Many Ladies use Hair Restorers who will not use a Restorer or Hair Wash. Most of these Restorers—like many Hair Dyes—contain Acetate of Lead and other irritants, causing injury to the scalp, and ruin the Hair. SEEGER'S HAIR DYE contains no such injurious chemicals and will INSTANTLY change Grey (or any colour) Hair to a beautiful Blonde, Brown, or Black, by simply combing it into the Hair. It is guaranteed by eminent Doctors to be perfectly harmless, and has, during its 20 years of popularity, attained an Annual Sale exceeding 270,000 Bottles. Price 2/- and 4/6 per Bottle, of all Druggists, &c., or post free in plain sealed case by sending 2/3 or 4/9 (stating shade required) to the Sole Proprietors—HINDS Ld., Tabernacle St., LONDON.

S. SMITH & SON,
Watchmakers to the Admiralty, Ltd.
Makers of Marine Chronometers,
and Kew Observatory Certificated Watches,
9, STRAND.

SPECIAL CHRONOGRAPH,
30-MIN. RECORDER, 18-ct. Gold,
Silver or Steel, No. 137,
No. 138, £15 15s.
£5 5s.



No. 134, Silver or Steel, £8 8s. No. 138, 18-ct. Gold, £21

With our Registered Dial for taking Railway Speed up to 100 miles per hour, 15s. extra. Plain or Engine-turned Silver Cases, or Plain Steel Cases.

SPECIAL NOTICE. Any Watch can be obtained on our New System of Payment by MONTHLY INSTALLMENTS.

Winners of the Highest Honours at GREENWICH & KEW OBSERVATORIES
Smith & Sons Watches
Astronomers defining the exact time of the Sun crossing the Meridian to within one of SMITH'S Watches £100
Established Half a Century 9 STRAND LONDON

Our "TREATISE ON WATCHES." Just Published, 160 pp., 400 Illustrations, Second Edition, Free on Application.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The libel action by the community of Lagos against Bishop Tugwell is still threatened. The Bishop, however, is invited to write a letter denying his previous statements. If he will do this no damages will be claimed. If he refuses, a claim for damages on behalf of the community will be made. It is believed that the Bishop will endeavour to substantiate his statements.

The Governor-General and Council have passed rules to regulate the use of churches consecrated for the service of the Church of England for the rituals of other denominations. A church provided by Government and consecrated for the services of the Church of England may be used for the rituals of Presbyterians and Wesleyans. This use is to be permissible both to Scotch chaplains on the regular establishment and to Presbyterian and Wesleyan ministers officiating with troops. It is necessary, however, that the consent of the Bishop of the diocese should be obtained, and the Bishop has the power of fixing the hours, and can withdraw his assent to the use of the

church whenever he thinks fit. This has not satisfied the Church of Scotland Assembly, and energetic action is to be taken.

The Rev. Dr. Briggs, formerly a Presbyterian Professor in New York, has been received into priest's orders in the Episcopal Church by Bishop Potter. There has, however, been much disturbance. Dr. Briggs left Presbyterianism, or rather was excluded from the ministry, owing to his advanced views on Higher Criticism; and evidently a large number of Episcopal clergymen in New York are of orthodox views, and not prepared to receive Dr. Briggs. One clergyman pronounces Dr. Briggs's latest work "fundamentally heretical from first to last." Bishop Potter will quietly ordain Dr. Briggs in the little church which serves as his pro-cathedral, and of which he has full control.

The wife of the Archbishop of York has expressed warm sympathy with the Liberator Relief Fund. She says that until recently she had no idea of the magnitude of the loss or the sufferings of the losers. Mrs. Maclagan says: "I

wish I could do more to help you; but my means are limited, and the demands on them in this great diocese are unceasing."

It is curious and disappointing that at Cambridge this year there were no candidates for the Tyrwhitt Hebrew Scholarship. The recently awakened interest in Oriental study does not seem to strengthen.

It now seems certain that the Free Church of Scotland and the United Presbyterian Church will be one in a year or two. The combined bodies will make a strong society. The Free Church of Scotland raised last year the large sum of over £712,000, while the United Presbyterian Church raised nearly half a million.

It is calculated that the Wesleyan Methodist Church in England raises for all purposes over £1,000,000 a year.

The statement has been circulated again that the Rev. Dr. John Watson, of Liverpool (Ian Maclaren), is to resign his pastorate and come to London for literary work. There is not a word of truth in the story.

ENGADINE

(SWITZERLAND).

HOTEL KURSAAL, MALOJA. (Maloja Palace.)
 OPEN from JUNE 10 to the end of SEPTEMBER. VERY FIRST-CLASS HOTEL. SANITARY ARRANGEMENTS OF THE MOST IMPROVED DESCRIPTION.
 Position: 6000 Feet above Sea-Level, in the most Picturesque Scenery of Upper Engadine. Divine Service in the Churches belonging to the Hotel.
 Golf (1½ mile), Lawn Tennis, Fishing in the Lake of Sils, Mountain Excursions, Carriage and Coach Service. Many Natural Curiosities: Glaciers, Waterfalls, Glacier Mills, Wonderful Alpine Flora.
 Please write or telegraph to the Manager, J. F. WALTHER. Telegraph and Post Office: MALOJA KURSAAL.

REMNAANT CARPETS.

ALL SIZES. BEST QUALITY.

TRELOAR and SONS

LUDGATE HILL,

A LARGE SELECTION OF CARPETS

Which have been made up from REMNANTS and from OLD PATTERNS, and are

SOLD AT VERY LOW PRICES.

THESE CARPETS ARE BORDERED ALL ROUND, AND ARE READY FOR LAYING DOWN.

On application, if sizes required be given, prices and particulars of Stock will be sent.

VELVET SEAMLESS CARPETS. A LARGE PURCHASE of these splendid CARPETS has just been completed, which enables the Firm to offer a few sizes at a GREAT REDUCTION in PRICE.

SIZES.	PRICES.	SIZES.	PRICES.	SIZES.	PRICES.
13 ft. by 9 ft. 6 in. ...	£ 5 0 each.	12 ft. by 11 ft. 0 in. ...	£ 7 0 each.	13 ft. by 12 ft. 0 in. ...	£ 8 5 0 each.
11 ft. by 10 ft. 0 in. ...	£ 5 15 0 "	13 ft. by 11 ft. 0 in. ...	£ 7 12 0 "	14 ft. by 12 ft. 0 in. ...	£ 8 15 0 "
12 ft. by 10 ft. 0 in. ...	£ 6 5 0 "	14 ft. by 11 ft. 0 in. ...	£ 8 5 0 "	16 ft. by 12 ft. 0 in. ...	£ 10 0 0 "
13 ft. by 10 ft. 0 in. ...	£ 7 0 0 "	15 ft. by 11 ft. 0 in. ...	£ 8 16 0 "		

1500 LARGE-SIZED DECCAN RUGS. Offered at about Half the Importers' Price, viz., at **2s. 9d.** each. Sample Rug (Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom), **9s. 6d.**

TRELOAR'S VELVET PAISLEY CARPETS.

SIZES.	PRICES.
8 ft. by 4 ft. 6 in. ...	£ 0 16 0
7 ft. 9 in. by 5 ft. 5 in. ...	£ 1 8 0
9 ft. 9 in. by 6 ft. 9 in. ...	£ 1 19 6
11 ft. 0 in. by 7 ft. 6 in. ...	£ 2 14 0

Just as the "Paisley" may be said to be like the Brussels, so the "Velvet Paisley" may be likened to the Wilton Mole Carpet. At the prices quoted, nothing better can be obtained.

SIZES.	PRICES.
11 ft. 1 in. by 8 ft. 10 in. ...	£ 3 9 6
12 ft. 9 in. by 9 ft. 9 in. ...	£ 4 8 6
14 ft. 4 in. by 10 ft. 9 in. ...	£ 5 9 6

2500 PERSIAN KURD CARPETS. at 13s. 9d. each. Size about 8 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 6 in. This is an opportunity of Purchasing these Carpets, which are well known for their Wear-resisting Qualities, at Prices absolutely Less than Cost. The Price will be Advanced as soon as the present Accumulation of Stock is Disposed of.

SAMPLE CARPET SENT to any RAILWAY STATION in the UNITED KINGDOM on receipt of P.O.O. for 15s. Stock may be Inspected and Carpets Selected at the Warehouses of the Importers.

JAP RUGS. 5s. 9d. each. Size, 6 ft. by 3 ft. All Special Designs, which cannot be obtained elsewhere. Sample Rug (Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom), **6s. 6d.**

THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

TRELOAR and SONS, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

A CATALOGUE OF ALL THE BEST FLOOR COVERINGS POST FREE.

THE BEST OF ALL TABLE MINERAL WATERS.

Evian Grottes

Sole Agent for United Kingdom and Colonies: RICHARD DAVIS, 20, MADDOX STREET, LONDON, W.

BEST SHEFFIELD MAKE. GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND.

KROPP RAZOR

ALWAYS READY FOR USE. NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING. WARRANTED PERFECT.

Black Handle ... 5/6
 Ivory Handle ... 7/6
 A Pair Ivory Handle Razors in Russia Leather Case ... 21/-

KROPP "DUPLEX" STROP

MADE OF SPECIALLY PREPARED RUSSIA LEATHER AND CANVAS FOR HOLLOW-GROUND RAZORS.

Price 7/6 each.

WRITE FOR PAMPHLET, "SHAVERS' KIT AND OUTFIT," POST FREE. Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, and CO., London, W.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST,



And 164, 166, & 170, REGENT ST., LONDON, W. [Telegraphic Address: "LINEN-Belfast"]

Irish Linen & Damask Manufacturers and Furnishers to

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, THE EMPRESS FREDERICK,

Members of the Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe.

Supply the Public with Every Description of

HOUSEHOLD LINENS

From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the World, which, being Woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

FULL DETAILED ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS AND SAMPLES POST FREE.

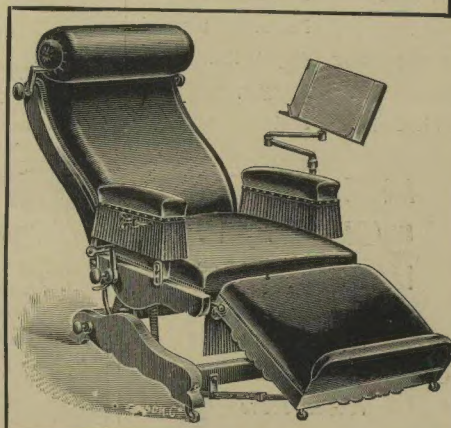
N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent Direct to Belfast.

A NEST for REST

FOOTS' MARLBOROUGH Reclining Chair

ADJUSTABLE TO 100 Changes of Position.

RIGID OR ROCKS AT PLEASURE.



Conforms to every position of comfort and ease, and is adjusted by yourself while on the Chair. The turn of a knob does it. Back can be lowered at will to any position from upright to flat, and rises automatically when desired. Seat tilts to any angle. Leg-rest can be raised to seat level, or detached and used as a foot stool. Springs all over. The Ideal Chair for restful repose.

Comfort for the Invalid
 Luxury for the Strong

SEND FOR CATALOGUE NO. 3. POST FREE.

J. L. FOOT & SON, 171 New Bond Street, LONDON, W.

MARIANI WINE

MARIANI WINE QUICKLY RESTORES

HEALTH, STRENGTH, ENERGY, AND VITALITY.

FORTIFIES, STRENGTHENS, STIMULATES AND REFRESHES THE BODY AND BRAIN.

HASTENS CONVALESCENCE especially after INFLUENZA.

FOR GENERAL DEBILITY, EXHAUSTION & WANT OF ENERGY.

MARIANI WINE IS DELIVERED FREE TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED KINGDOM by WILCOX & CO., 83, Mortimer St., London, W., 4/- per bottle, 22/6 half-dozen, 45/- per dozen. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.